

THE  
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

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SEPTEMBER, 1842.

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ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

[Delivered as an Address before the Ministerial Conference in Berry Street, Boston,  
May 25, 1842. By ALVAN LAMSON, D. D.]

THE topic on which I am to address you, at this time, — “The Value of Ecclesiastical History to the Minister,” — is not one of my own selection, nor can I hope to invest it with any attractions. Ecclesiastical History, I believe, is not a favorite study with the profession, nor is there any department of human knowledge more neglected by the public. I am not much surprised that it is so. The subject, as usually treated, is dry, dull, and repulsive in the extreme. I can conceive of nothing more so. It is a study attended with peculiar difficulty on account of the obscurity of many of its records, often clouded by passion and prejudice, darkened by inconsistency, and too frequently bearing marks of credulity, carelessness, and fraud, which justify the remark of Jortin, that “Ecclesiastical History is a sort of enchanted land, where it is hard to distinguish truth from false appearances, and a maze which requires more than Ariadne’s clue.”

Then the topics to which it invites our attention are often of the most forbidding kind, or such as can awaken no interest in refined and cultivated intellects, — controversies about verbal distinctions and trifles, dialectic subtleties, and barren questions of scholastic theology and metaphysics. Besides, it introduces us to many disgusting views of human nature. It presents

this nature under some of its worst and most degrading aspects, actuated by the basest and most detestable passions, and exhibiting proofs of the melancholy perversion of all its finer sensibilities and instincts. It shows us the weakness and littleness of man under such vivid portraiture, and with such convincing evidence, as almost to make us forget, for the time, his greatness and his strength. It makes us acquainted with some of his saddest aberrations of intellect. As we turn over its pages, the eye is arrested by the superstition, which has paralyzed his faculties and narrowed and dwarfed his best virtues; by his exclusiveness, his bigotry, his persecutions; the prostration of his understanding manifested in his mistaken piety, his adoration of objects more worthless than the divinities of Egypt, his veneration for relics, and faith in lying miracles, pilgrimages, indulgences, legends of pretended saints; his suppression of freedom of thought and inquiry; his pious forgeries; with the whole catalogue of usurpations, infallibilities, inquisitions, tyrannies, follies, contradictions, and absurdities, which, in past ages, have been incorporated with the religion of the cross, and have so disfigured and obscured it, that scarcely a trace of its heavenly origin and beauty has remained visible.

It is not surprising that from such a picture men should have turned away in disgust, and believing the whole subject barren alike of rational use and interest, regarding the study of it as fitted neither to gratify a liberal curiosity, to purify the feelings, or add to the stores of intellectual affluence, they should have abandoned it for fields of inquiry and thought, which have opened more pleasing views and promised a richer harvest.

The nature and intrinsic difficulty of the subject has not been all. Another cause of the indifference and disgust alluded to has been the tasteless manner in which *Ecclesiastical History* has usually been written, and the false principles which have governed the narrative. One of these is, that whatever makes for the advantage of believers is to be told, and if with a little rhetorical exaggeration, so much the better, and whatever tells against them is to be passed over in silence; that suppression of truth in such a case, far from being a blemish in a historian, is a virtue. It is needless to say that history, written on this principle, necessarily loses the greater part of its value, by ceasing to be just. The principle came in with Eusebius, the father of *Ecclesiastical History*, and he has had



abundance of imitators, among whom one of the most conspicuous is the old English worthy, Cave, who has been justly censured for writing panegyrics under the name of history.

Another principle, nearly allied to the former, has been, that nothing is too good to say of the orthodox, and nothing too bad to say of heretics. This principle and its applications are well illustrated by Le Clerc, in a lively, but somewhat sarcastic description of the manner in which a person, if he values his reputation for orthodoxy, or looks for promotion, must proceed in writing an *Ecclesiastical History*. He must, says he, "adhere inviolably to this maxim, that whatever can be favorable to heretics is false, and whatever can be said against them is true; while, on the other hand, all that does honor to the orthodox is unquestionable, and everything that can do them discredit is surely a lie. He must suppress too with care, or at least extenuate as far as possible, the errors and vices of those whom the orthodox are accustomed to respect, whether they know anything about them or no, and must exaggerate, on the contrary, the mistakes and faults of the heterodox to the utmost of his power. He must remember that any orthodox man is a competent witness against a heretic, and is to be trusted implicitly on his word, while a heretic is never to be believed against the orthodox, and has honor enough done him, in allowing him to speak against his own side."\*

On these principles the greater part of *Ecclesiastical History* has been written. The old fathers so wrote perpetually, and the moderns have not been slow to profit by so worthy an example.

But independently of the falsehood which has pervaded nearly all ecclesiastical writings, and to a greater extent, I believe, than any other, the needed helps have been wanting. We have no Christian histories which are good in other respects. The story of Christianity has not been written with the philosophical power, critical research, and discrimination, which mark other productions of the historic muse. Gibbon's chapters, exceptionable as they are, — in addition to his usual faults of style, reflecting everywhere the hues of his own mind, and tending to mislead by the false coloring and drapery, which

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\* *Parrhasiana*, T. I. p. 168, ed. 2d. I have given the version of Hallam (*Hist. Lit.* II. 83), with only a slight change, which fidelity to the original required.

he has artfully thrown over his pictures, which constitutes the great charge against him, rather than falsification of facts or insufficient research, — are still read with more interest than the work of any professedly Christian historian relating to the same period.

We possess no history of religion which is entitled to rank as a standard work. Nor is there any prospect of a speedy remedy. The task of writing a faithful Christian history, which shall prove ordinarily attractive, is a gigantic one, and requires a rare combination of qualities, and the study of a life for its successful execution. And out of Germany there are now no students of Ecclesiastical History. England is doing nothing in this department, in which she has never distinguished herself; and we, on this side the water, have scarcely yet begun to think of the subject. Little importance is attached to it in a preparation for the ministry; we have no teachers of it properly qualified, and few books, even had we the leisure and disposition to read them. Nor in fact does the state of society and general tone of thinking and feeling among us, at the present time, tend greatly to the encouragement of theological learning of any kind; and our scholars are driven to seek laurels in other fields.

Mere learning, indeed, I am not disposed to rate very high. To encumber one's mind with other men's notions, which are often mere lumber and rubbish, — not to separate, to combine, to originate, to put forth no intellectual power, is little better than solemn trifling.

But to be a well informed theologian, it is not necessary that a person should be nothing beside. He may read to stimulate thought, and furnish it with materials to work upon, to add to his stores of illustration and intellectual wealth, just as he becomes an observer of nature or of man for the same purpose. It is not necessary that his mind should be crushed under the weight of other men's ideas, or that its power of forming new combinations, of creating, diversifying, and adorning, of rising to the highest heaven of invention, of pouring forth thoughts that breathe in words that burn, should be lost. The poet and the orator cull from all regions of nature and art, and make all history and science tributary to their purpose; still their thoughts are fresh and original; they are true makers, and enlarged culture adds compass, force, and beauty to their work, and enables them occasionally to gather flowers from the most unpromising soil.

The Christian minister deals with the highest truths, with the deepest feelings, and most enduring interests of man. It is his province to lay his hand on that many-stringed instrument, the human heart, to control its various moods, and awaken all its sweeter melodies. He is brought into contact with all sorts of minds, and he must have in his armory weapons which will reach all; and it is difficult, therefore, to conceive how any species of knowledge, or any variety of intellectual culture, can be wholly useless to him.

But what is the special use to him of Ecclesiastical History? The reply to this question must depend very much on what he proposes to himself, and what it is desirable that he should be;—what should be his aim, and with what he should be satisfied.

What does he look forward to? What should be his ambition? The mere preaching, from Sunday to Sunday, of discourses which shall prove acceptable to his hearers, which they shall be pleased even to commend, which they shall talk of as brilliant performances, or what is more, which shall really move their hearts for the time, and touch their consciences, which shall send them away thinking of themselves rather than of the preacher? Is this, together with a tolerably careful discharge of pastoral duty, his sole aim? Is he to look only at immediate and visible effects, or to measure his usefulness by the plaudits of an admiring audience?

If so, a knowledge of Ecclesiastical History will be of little *direct* use to him, though to the faithful minister its *indirect* uses will be very considerable. It will not, however, help him much in the writing of sermons. A brilliant, glowing, and varied style, dealing somewhat largely in picturesque imagery, abounding in familiar comparisons, and powerfully appealing to the religious sentiment and to the feelings, and demanding no very profound thought on the part of the hearer, will always ensure a preacher popularity, for the time at least. Historical learning will add nothing to the effect of such a style. In this country, and among ourselves, the appeal to authority and prescription is not allowed, nor are historical subjects often treated in sermons. And as for illustration and ornament of discourse, modern researches and discoveries, and the observation of nature and life, furnish resources to which the preacher will resort with more advantage than to Christian antiquity, the study of which, after all, will afford him less aid in becom-



ing a popular and effective pulpit orator, than an acquaintance with the current literature of the day. This reflects, in some measure, the tastes and feelings of the age, and of these he cannot safely be ignorant. He must know what men are thinking and doing, if he would be heard by them with patience. Without this knowledge he may come loaded with the richest spoils of the past, but he will speak in vain. Persons now care little for the past, except a few classical enthusiasts, who are fast dying out. We are too utilitarian and practical for that. A disquisition on the Tariff, or the latest political pamphlet, is more valued than the poems of Homer; and a spinning jenny would not be given for the recovery of the best ode of Pindar, or of Sappho, with all the lost books of the historians thrown in; and as to the musty tomes of the Fathers, it would be thought charity to give them a place among the dust and rubbish of a garret.

In truth the most celebrated preachers have owed little to treasures of historical lore. It is true, some of them have been learned men, and their sermons have borne ample testimony to their erudition. But they were not indebted for their chief celebrity to this circumstance. Origen and Chrysostom, among the ancients, were both of them popular and admired preachers, and both learned men; but it was their ardor and rapidity of style, their originality, freshness, and vigor, united with great copiousness of thought and illustration, and not their erudition, which gave them the mastery over the spirits of their age.

Of the giants of the English pulpit in the seventeenth century, whose writings are still occasionally read, Barrow, Taylor, and South, the two first were learned; but Barrow, with all his wonderful affluence and comprehensiveness, was regarded as a somewhat tedious preacher, and Taylor's learning, varied and beautiful as it is, must have appeared, I think, to his hearers, as it certainly appears to the reader of the present day, often misplaced, and must have impeded, rather than heightened, the effect of his naturally surpassing eloquence. The witty South, often found on the very verge of buffoonery, had little learning; but as a preacher, afforded, I believe, more delight in his day than either of the others.

The French preachers, who at, or near the same period, in their sermons and funeral orations, carried the eloquence of the pulpit to a height it had never before attained, and which, al-



lowing for national characteristics, it has seldom reached, and perhaps never surpassed, since, were, as a class, not remarkably learned; and an occasional passage from the Fathers, short and introduced without effort, was all which, in general, attested their familiarity with the writings of ecclesiastical antiquity.

Luther was far less learned, certainly in the earlier part of his career, as well in Ecclesiastical History as in the writings of classical antiquity, than Erasmus; yet his earnest, but rude and artless eloquence struck a chord which vibrated through all Christendom. In his attacks on established errors he made at first very little use of history. He employed the strong language of common sense, and his appeals were effectual, and shook to their centre the citadels of canonized superstition.

If we turn to examples of more recent times, and among ourselves, the authors of the most admired productions of the pulpit will tell you, that in the composition of their sermons they have derived little or no help from Ecclesiastical History, that it has been to them a barren field, that they have never loved, nor cultivated it, that they have never brought off from it a solitary flowret that was pleasing to the eye, or the least fruit that was inviting to the taste.

Nor is there anything singular in this. It is so with regard to ethical learning. A person may know little of ethics as a science, and may be wholly unacquainted with its history; he may be ignorant of the systems of the various authors who have written upon it, in ancient and modern times; yet the value of his preaching, viewed merely as preaching, may not be impaired. He may stand up in the pulpit and utter strains of the most thrilling eloquence, and the consciences of his hearers may bear testimony to the fidelity of his appeals. So far as his public addresses are concerned, he may be a very exciting and successful preacher, may have the power of a Whitfield to rouse attention, and stir up the soul to its inmost depths, though he may never have read a line of such writers as Butler, Hutcheson, Wollaston, or Price, or Smith, or Kant, or Jouffroy. He may have searched no further nor deeper for the foundation of morals, and sanction of morality, than the will of God revealed in the Bible, and may have no more theology than is needful to enable him to call Tillotson an atheist; yet he may for the time preach with as much effect, and to a common audience, with a great deal more, than a Bossuet or a Taylor.

But is it well that he should be thus ignorant, or that he should be ignorant of Christian History? The question is one I need not ask. It is surely not desirable that a minister should limit his acquisitions to the knowledge he can turn to immediate account. I am not much of a utilitarian in my views on this subject. Or if I am a utilitarian, I would not confine my regard to mere present and palpable utility. I think we should all look beyond immediate and temporary effects—a mere ephemeral popularity. We should look to a permanent influence and usefulness. There is nothing which will sooner degrade the ministry than the resting content with just such a measure of attainments, as the present exigency demands, or as is necessary to please for the moment the popular ear, though the temptation to this was never greater than now.

There are certain intellectual qualifications which it is important the clergy should possess, which will not benefit them directly and immediately, except so far as they are in themselves sources of gratification, and a pleasing self-consciousness, but which are necessary to secure to them the permanent respect of the community. They add to the high standing of the minister in society. They are not merely an ornament of the profession, but they dignify and elevate it, and in the end augment its power and usefulness. All intellectual accomplishments contribute to this effect; and for this reason, if for no other, a liberal and wide culture of the faculties is, I conceive, to be recommended to the ministers of religion.

If this liberal culture be desirable in the minister, it would be superfluous, as it seems to me, to offer any argument to prove that the study of Ecclesiastical History should not be neglected. Of this a minister cannot with propriety be ignorant. From its very intimate connexion with his profession, he may be expected to know something more about it than other well educated men in the community, just as the physician or lawyer is expected to be better acquainted than others, not simply with the practice of law or medicine, but with the past history of the art or science, — its fountains, growth, and the various revolutions it has passed through. Such knowledge may not perceptibly help their business, may not procure the lawyer more briefs, or the physician more patients; yet they rank higher in our esteem, and must rank higher in their own for possessing it, and we feel that the want of it is a blemish. Just so for the minister to be ignorant of the history

of the religion he professes to teach, its character and fortunes in past ages, the phases it has assumed, the effects it has wrought on society, and the modifications it has itself received from the progress of intellect and the agency of human passions, must be felt to be a defect. It is discreditable to him. It involves, to say the least, a sort of indecorum. It does not, to use the old phraseology, harmonize with our idea of the nature and fitness of things; with our abstract conception of what a minister should be.

But to descend from this position, which may be thought to savor a little too much of idealism for the present day, and to be seeking a footing in the clouds, (though such notions were current when I was young,) there are, if I mistake not, *indirect*, but substantial and positive benefits, which the minister will derive from the study of Christian history.

An acquaintance with a few traditionary dogmas and a little sectarian divinity have been all, which have frequently, heretofore, until within a short period, been thought essential to the education of a preacher; I do not say universally, for there have been honorable exceptions. For some time past more liberal ideas have been gaining ground; but there is still room for advance. The character of the times, and the condition of knowledge and progress of intellect in other departments of human inquiry, and the direction which speculative minds are taking, are certainly such as require attention to the state of theological science, and should keep the mind alive to the importance of historical research. There are demands of the age which must be met, questions of deep import, some notice of which must be taken, which it will not do always to pass over in silent contempt, and a reply to which requires us to go back to the first elements of belief and knowledge in the human soul, to obviate objections and put an end to doubt.

But independently of all considerations of this sort, and of all questions relating to the historical basis of Christianity, and its defence, the minister has no lack of motives to the study of the history of his religion. It is a history intrinsically important; so far as the subject,—the development of man's spiritual nature, during a period which has witnessed the extinction of ancient civilization, and the reorganization of society in modern times,—is concerned, the noblest of all histories. And putting the study of it on the basis of a comprehensive utility merely, it has strong claims on his attention. A knowl-



edge of it may not tell immediately, but it will tell in the course of a life of ordinary length. Occasions will occur on which its uses will be manifest.

The minister must contend for the simplicity that is in Christ. He must preach the pure truths uttered by the founder of his religion. He must endeavor to form a just conception of these truths; he must separate them from human additions; he must labor to disengage them from the mass of error, by which they have been overshadowed and darkened in past ages. In doing this he must become a reformer. He must remould the Christianity of his day, and bring it back to its original pure elements, and thus in some measure take the attitude of a controvertist. He must combat false doctrines grown venerable by age. He must lay his hand, gently but firmly, on time-hallowed associations, and expose abuses sanctioned by prescription, and the authority of some as great names as have ever adorned humanity. This is the least pleasant part of his duty, but it is sometimes necessary.

In performing this task he will be compelled to make use of the lights of Ecclesiastical History, that part of it particularly denominated in modern times the history of dogmatic theology, or history of the doctrines of Christianity. He must trace the origin and progress of the corruptions, under which the simple truths of the gospel have been buried and well nigh extinguished. He must point out their source in human weakness, ambition, and selfishness, in superstition and false philosophy, in the modes of thinking foreign from the principles of the religion of the humble Nazarene, which the converts from paganism, from time to time, took along with them in passing over to Christianity, and unconsciously blended with the new faith; for they could not be expected at once to emancipate themselves from all their former modes of thought, and all the philosophical notions in which they had been educated. Such a result was not possible.

The advocate for the simple truths of the Gospel will find it indispensable sometimes to adopt this method, in order to meet the objections of his adversaries, for error is ever fond of intrenching itself behind the defences of antiquity, and the general belief of the human mind. To illustrate what I mean by an example, the Trinitarian asserts that his faith is old, that it was from the beginning, that it has always been the faith of Christians, and this fact, he argues, affords a strong presump-



tion that it was taught by Jesus and his Apostles ; for how else, he asks, can we account for its early and extensive prevalence ? Now this objection is certainly entitled to a reply, and the answer must be sought in history. From this it is to be shown that, appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, the doctrine formed no part of the belief of the primitive church ; that it is clearly to be referred to the learned converts from heathenism ; that the first distinct traces of it, found in any Christian writing of acknowledged antiquity and genuineness, appear in the Dialogue and Apologies of Justin Martyr, the earliest of those converts of whom we have any remains ; that it had its origin in that confused-mixture of the philosophy and traditions of nearly all nations, which, united with a spirit of allegorizing, and strongly tinctured with oriental mysticism, was taught in the schools of the Alexandrine Platonists in the second and third centuries, and with them passed into the Christian Church, where it received from time to time various modifications and additions, till it assumed the form, very nearly, which it has since retained.

I am stating nothing which is not familiar to you. I take this instance simply as illustrating one of the uses to which a knowledge of Ecclesiastical History may be appropriated. It assists us to explain other errors which have cast a dark shade over the religion of the Son of Mary. Thus we trace the doctrines of modern Calvinism back to the stern old African, the bishop of Hippo, who found the germs of them in Manichæism, of which he was for some years a disciple, before he became an orthodox Christian, and of which he always seems to have retained a certain taint.

The argument against Popery which proves most embarrassing to its supporters, if I may be pardoned an allusion to the subject here, is the historical one, because Popery ensconces itself in what it considers as the strong hold of tradition. The Oxford controversy is but a form of the Popish, and the combatants use weapons drawn from the armory of ancient Christian history. This controversy does not disturb us, in this vicinity, but there are parts of our country in which its influence is sensibly felt. It has rendered arrogant pretensions more arrogant ; it has relighted a spirit of bigotry, and emboldened intolerance and exclusiveness.

A writer in a recent number of one of our Literary Quarterlies, circulated somewhat extensively, I believe, and enjoy-

ing some reputation, I allude to the New York Review,\* expressly, and in so many words, condemns the right ("fancied" right he calls it) of private judgment and religious freedom, pronounces the principle of the Congregationalists "arrogant dogma," and contends strongly for the necessity of an authoritative church, and an authoritative interpreter of Scripture. These views connect themselves with the claims of Prelacy and the doctrine of apostolical succession, which have been of late urged with such frequency and obtrusiveness in portions of our country, from the pulpit, and in the leading Episcopal Journals, several of which are pledged to the support of the doctrines of the Oxford divines, that it has been found necessary to take the field, and already a goodly sized octavo, manifesting no little industry and research, has appeared, printed in this city, though written by a Presbyterian of the South, in refutation of these, as we are accustomed to consider, perfectly absurd and obsolete claims.† The whole constitutes a phenomenon of little importance in itself, but yet, as Carlyle would say, noteworthy in this our nineteenth century, and in our republican America.

These are instances in which the uses of an acquaintance with Ecclesiastical History are manifest. True, the chief business of a minister should not be controversy. He may seldom be called to engage in it, perhaps never. He may preach what he conceives to be the unadulterated truths of Christianity, and never touch, if he can help it, on sectarian distinctions and differences. Still it is desirable that he should be able to defend his opinions when attacked. He will have more confidence in himself, and feel more at ease, and more self-possessed, in consequence of his familiarity with the past history of his religion, with the mode of its reception and administration by various minds and by different classes of Christians, with the foreign influences to which it has been subjected, and the traces they have left upon it, and which it still retains.

None of this knowledge will be superfluous, and occasions may occur in which the want of it would be felt as a serious misfortune. Old controversies are from time to time revived,

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\* For Jan. 1842.

† The Prelatical Doctrine of Apostolical Succession Examined, and the Protestant Ministry Defended against the Assumptions of Popery and High Churchism, in a series of Lectures. By THOMAS SMYTH, Pastor of the 2nd Presbyterian Church, Charleston, S. C. Boston, 1841.

and new ones are continually springing up, and in neither of them will the lights of the past be wholly useless.

A quarter of a century ago we were in the midst of an earnest controversy on nearly all the great questions which have divided the theological world, — the Trinity, Calvinism, and the power of the churches. And the controversy on some of these points, though the language we sometimes hear would lead us to the contrary supposition, still continues, and will long continue, where Unitarian societies exist in the bosom of orthodox communities, and in parts of our land remote from us, and well informed champions of truth, as well as eloquent preachers, are needed on all our frontier posts. The battle for liberty is not yet ended, — the time of protest is not yet past, nor will soon be past, beyond the boundaries of this little peninsula and its immediate vicinity, if even here.

The advocates of religious inquiry and intellectual freedom are as yet by no means authorized to count on their enemies as finally extirpated, but must still sleep on their arms, ready to seize them, whenever the trumpet shall call, and go forth to do battle valiantly in the name of the God of truth. Surely we may say in regard to truth and freedom, that knowledge is power; it puts the weapons into our hands; and if we resign them, the Philistines will be upon us, and the ark will yet be taken captive, and as a sect, or class of Christians, we shall be swept, not from this land merely, but from the earth; I say not within twenty years, if I may allude to the language of last evening,\* but certainly in the end. The spirit of orthodoxy has continued the same from the days of Athanasius and Augustine to the present time, only occasionally modified by the protests and arguments of the friends of freedom and a more rational theology; and it is not now going to surrender without a contest. It is not yet in its death struggle. With comparatively few exceptions, if any, it yet closes its pulpits against you, and denounces you, and despises your sympathy, and laughs at your projects of amalgamation, and will continue to do so for a long time yet to come. Orthodoxy is not yet dead nor dying. Let it alone, cease to protest against it, and it will trample you in the dust, or drag you in triumph at its chariot wheels, before the end of fifty years. Such are the lessons taught us by the last fifteen centuries.

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\* The Annual Meeting of the American Unitarian Association.



We may think that there is no need of an appeal to history on questions of the kind alluded to, that the instinctive convictions of our own minds are enough to settle them. But we cannot always choose our weapons of attack and defence. There are some who will be embarrassed by the historical argument, and there are those who will insist on urging it, because with them authority is everything; and we must meet them on their own ground. It is often so in religious controversy. We are called on to prove that the sun shines in a clear day at noon, that black is black, and white is white. Melancholy enough, to be sure; but there is no help for it. It is not always sufficient to say that such a doctrine, or such a position, is intrinsically absurd or incredible. It may appear so to us, but not to another, and he will be convinced only when he sees the supports on which he rests sink under the blows of the adversary. Luther, as I said, began the Reformation without a knowledge of Ecclesiastical History, and with an appeal only to common sense; but in its progress he was compelled to call in the aid of historical learning, which he diligently sought, and which he wielded with great effect, beating down by means of it the last strong hold of the Potentate on the Seven Hills.

But it is not in connexion with the controversies which have agitated, or which may hereafter agitate, the church, that the Christian minister will take most pleasure in reading the past history of his religion, or will find the study of it of most value to him. He will read it that he may derive from it new impressions of the worth of Christianity itself,—that he may learn its power from its beautiful effects.

I have said that Ecclesiastical History exhibits human nature under some of its worst and most degrading aspects. It also exhibits it under some of its noblest. It is a history of the religious sentiment, or capacity, and its manifestations for a succession of ages, and in connexion with the highest revelations of truth and the law of love ever made to the world. As such it must not merely afford pleasure, but furnishes a subject by the study of which the teacher of religion especially can hardly fail to profit, and profit greatly.

How much has Christianity done for the world. How has it connected itself with all the deep workings of the human intellect. What joy and hope has it lighted up in the breasts of millions of our sinning and sorrowing race. What power



of endurance, of self-sacrificing benevolence, and sympathy has it awakened. What wonderful transformations has it wrought. What new life has it infused into the cold, dead heart. How has it stirred the conscience, and by its trumpet tones roused the spiritual slumberer. It has bent over the couch of the sick and dying, and stood by the martyr's stake. It has planted truths in the heart, — soul-awakening, hope-inspiring truths, — truths which address the spirit in language suited to all its varying moods of joy and sorrow, of devout aspiration and penitence, — truths which survive amid all changes, and of the value of which the experience of life, and gradual falling away of our earthly hopes, only serve to produce a new and growing conviction. The words of Christ uttered on the hill-sides of Judea, eighteen hundred years ago, in the streets, in the temple, in the dwellings of his friends, in Gethsemane, and on Calvary, — how wonderful their power! The seed, which was sown in darkness and amid tears, has sprung up and grown, and to multitudes of earthly pilgrims has yielded the healing fruits of life. Look for the greenest spots in the past, you find them where Christianity has been. When there has been elsewhere nothing on which the eye could rest with delight, but all has been moral barrenness, and deformity, and death, Christianity, like a beneficent stream, has flowed on, and along its secret, winding channel, on either side, verdure has sprung up to fringe its banks, and flowers have scented the air, and birds have sung in the branches.

This power of Christianity, visible in its effects, it will become the most pleasing part of the employment of the minister of religion to trace, and he will derive benefit from the employment in different ways. There are, I suppose, in the life of every clergyman, moments of weariness and despondency, when the mind needs the lessons of the past to dissipate its gloom, and infuse into it new energy and hope. And it will not go back in vain to visit the mouldering relics and venerable images of the faith of former ages. It will not only come home refreshed and invigorated for the moment, but it will bring away something by which it may be rendered better and happier forever after. The imagination will be kindled, and the affections elevated, and the soul will be enriched with new germs of thought. As the ancient Christians visited the tombs of the martyrs, not only that they might honor the memory of the departed, but that they might derive courage and a quick-

ening influence from meditating on their virtues, their patience, and their crown, so the preacher of religion will sometimes make excursions into the past, that by the monuments of its piety, which will everywhere greet the eye, as he travels on, his heart may be strengthened, and his devotions grow more warm, and the fruits of his ministry yet more abound.

Again, the preacher must possess a knowledge of human nature; and to obtain this knowledge perfectly, I hardly need say, that he must not only observe society as it exists around him, — “catch the living manners as they rise,” — but he must penetrate the domain of by-gone ages. He must call up the dead from their tombs, and again live over their lives with them, trace their passions as they exhibited themselves on the theatre of the world, and have been preserved in the pages of the faithful chronicler. The history of religion is the history of human nature, under relations which lead to some of the most extraordinary developments of character. Nowhere are the inconsistencies of man, the warring elements of his nature, the divine and the devilish in him, more strikingly manifested than in his religious history. What grotesque shapes do his virtues often put on, and to what miserable sophistry do his passions and vices frequently resort. What strange unions and contrasts are witnessed, — the true and the false, the beautiful and the deformed, springing up side by side, — worthless and parasitical plants attaching themselves to the noblest productions of the soil, sapping their vigor, and overlaying and crushing them by their pernicious growth.

Whatever is most singular and fantastic in man, as well as what is most constant and uniform, exhibits itself in connexion with religion. Over his religious history we alternately weep and smile, feel reverence, or pity, or disgust, and without an acquaintance with it, our knowledge of him must be very imperfect, and imperfect in those very points in regard to which it most concerns us, as Christian ministers, to know him, — his susceptibility of religious influences and his conduct under them.

Such are some of the general uses of Ecclesiastical History to the minister. There are others which are more specific, one or two of which I will endeavor to illustrate by examples.

One of the effects of reading the history of Christianity should be to teach us not to dogmatize, — not to attach too much importance to difference of opinion, or make our own

intellects and theological attainments a Procrustes-bed, by which to measure those of all others. This lesson we derive not simply from the evils of bigotry and exclusiveness, of which it furnishes so many revolting pictures, but, what is more pleasing, from examples of liberty, — from the latitude of opinion and of discussion, which was allowed in what are usually considered as among the purest and best ages of Christianity. This liberty (of individual opinion) continued in the church, though not without being subject to occasional attack, for about three centuries. Origen and his school furnish the most striking illustrations and most splendid examples of it. The fame of this Father was great in the East, and the influence of his name and writings secured the existence of freedom of thought and speculation in the church, long after it would otherwise have become extinct. With the decline of his school in the East, and the triumph of the Athanasians and Augustinians in the West, all liberty of opinion died out, and the world was reduced to a state of spiritual bondage, from which it is yet but partially emancipated.

Of the latitude of thought and discussion, allowed in those times, I will produce two or three specimens, which contrast strangely with the narrowness of subsequent ages.

I will take as my first the manner in which the Fathers of the period alluded to were accustomed to express themselves in regard to the Old Testament writings.

I will not insist on the example of the Manicheans, because they were reputed heretics, though on certain difficult points they scarceley expressed themselves with more freedom than the Fathers deemed orthodox, and there were among them some of the best and noblest spirits and finest geniuses of the age; and many of them possessed no ordinary degree of critical sagacity and skill. They were among the Spiritualists of the day, and the Materialism of the Old Testament was one of the circumstances which inspired in their minds a disgust for it. It contains, say they, no revelation of eternal life, and the temporal promises, of which it is full, are suited only to nurture men's worldly and sensual propensities. They complained, too, that the ideas of the Deity taught in the sacred books of the Jews were impure, and in some respects false and injurious to the Divine Being; that the morality of these books was imperfect; that the Mosaic worship and ceremonies were unworthy of God; the history of the Creation and Fall, false and absurd; and fi-



nally, that it is not true that the Hebrew prophets uttered any predictions of the Christian Saviour.\*

These were Manichean opinions. But on several of the points involved some of the most eminent of the Fathers, whose orthodoxy passed unquestioned in their day, were almost equally latitudinarian.

How, ask the Manicheans, are we to attribute anger, revenge, jealousy, repentance, and similar passions and affections, to the one infinite and all-perfect Being? How could an evil spirit come from him, the source of all good, to trouble Saul? How could he command the Hebrews, under a false pretence, to borrow and carry off the jewels and vestments of the Egyptians; or to massacre the inhabitants of Canaan without distinction of age or sex? A multitude of other difficulties were suggested by free inquirers and heretics. And how did Christians treat them? There were some, it appears, who, to dispose of all objections at once, contended for the right of purifying the record, on the ground that Moses did not write the law, that he only delivered his precepts orally to the chiefs of the people, and that, both before and after they were reduced to writing, some things were changed, and not a few were added, and falsehood became blended with truth.†

I am not aware that this hypothesis was assumed by any of the more eminent of the Fathers, certainly not without very important modifications. But Origen expresses views which, traced to their consequences, will to some appear little less startling, when he says, speaking of the Jewish laws, that if we take the language in which they are delivered in its literal sense, or as it is commonly understood, and as the Jews interpret it, that is, if we do not explain it by allegory, or some rule of mystical interpretation, he must blush to own that God had given such laws to the Israelites; that the laws of the Romans, the Athenians, and the Lacedemonians were more rational.‡ This same Father, who was the great doctor of the East, and the flail of heretics, as he was called, pronounces the Mosaic account of the Creation and Paradise, taken to the letter, too absurd for belief. "What man of sense," says he, "will ever persuade himself that there was a first, a second, and a third day, each having its morning and evening, when there

\* Beausobre, *Histoire de Manichée et du Manichéisme*, T. I. p. 270.

† Clement. Hom. I and II.

‡ Hom. in Levit. vii. n. 5.



was neither sun, moon, nor stars? And who so foolish as to believe that God, like a husbandman, planted a garden in Eden, and placed in it a tree of life, a visible and palpable tree, so that he who should eat of its fruit, with his bodily teeth, would receive life?"\* The account of the Temptation and Fall is with him a sublime apologue.

The severe, the rigid Augustine treads in his steps. Writing against the Manicheans, after he had forsaken their ranks, he does not think it safe to insist on the literal and historical meaning of the first three chapters of Genesis, lest in so doing he should attribute to them a sense unworthy of God and offensive to piety.† To preserve the credit of Moses and his history, he says, we must have recourse to allegory and enigmatical interpretations, there being no other escape from impiety and profaneness. Truly this, as it has been said, is virtually to abandon both Moses and the Old Testament, though such was not the good Father's intention; nor was it Origen's.

Such freedom was then taken with the Mosaic narrative. Yet all this and much more passed without censure, such was the liberty of speculation and inquiry in those days. No one was thought any the worse Christian for so expressing himself.

Take one or two other points; the question of human inspiration, for example. On this subject the language of the Fathers is not very precise, and it is difficult always to ascertain with certainty their meaning; but it is easy to see that they did not confine inspiration within any very narrow limits. They attribute it, in fact, to every pure mind, heathen and Christian.

The universality of divine illumination, in some sense, indeed, is an old doctrine, and was long anterior to Christianity. The Christian Fathers held the same, somewhat modified by Jewish ideas. They spoke of the human reason as an emanation of the Divinity, and a partaker of the divine reason, or *logos*, which lightens every man that comes into the world. So far did the Fathers go on this subject, as almost totally to annihilate the distinction between natural religion and revealed. Justin Martyr says, that Christ was "in part known to Socrates,"‡ because he is that light which is in all men. He speaks of

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\* De Princ. L. iv. n. 16.

† De Genesi ad Manichæos, L. II. c. 2. et Retract. L. I. c. 18.

‡ Apol. II.

him as the *logos*, or "reason of which the whole human family participates." \* "All who have lived according to reason," he tells us, "were Christians, though reputed atheists, as Socrates, Heraclitus," † and others; and he says the same of those then living, "they are Christians," — a very liberal definition, certainly, liberal enough, I suppose, to satisfy any one of us.

This reason, or *logos*, the same, he says, which inspired the Jewish prophets, and imparted to the Gentile philosophers whatever right notions they possessed of God and of human nature, in the relation in which it stands to him, Justin calls the "seed of reason implanted in the whole race of man," ‡ — the "implanted," or inborn, "reason," — "the divine seminal reason," — "whence come the germs of truth to all." §

The Gentiles enjoyed the higher as well as the lower, or common inspiration. There were genuine prophets among them. So taught Justin, and generally the more eminent of the early Fathers. Nor did they hesitate to assert, what indeed was implied in their views of the inspiring reason, that Christianity was as old as the creation.||

Again, in regard to the nature of God, history shows us that the early Christian Fathers were as far from being unanimous as we moderns are. The philosophical converts to Christianity appear to have retained, in a great measure, the views of their heathen masters on the subject. The corporeity of God was openly asserted.

It is confidently affirmed, as you know, that Descartes was the first who distinctly taught the strict immateriality of the thinking principle. Before his time, it has been said, that all, whether philosophers or theologians, regarded the soul as having body and extension. They attributed them to God himself. Parts

\* Apol. I. † Apol. I. ‡ Apol. II. § Apol. I.

|| This Clement of Alexandria is at great pains to show, in opposition to the objection, which was frequently urged, that it was new, — the mushroom growth of yesterday, — an institution which had suddenly sprung up, and which now showed its arrogance by boldly attacking the time-honored religions and philosophy of the old world. Not so, says Clement, — Christianity is not new, — it dates far back in the ages, — before the birth of the oldest of the sages, or of the world itself. A portion of its rays had flowed in upon the minds of the Greeks, imparting to them some knowledge of the truth, "for a certain divine effluence distils upon all men, but chiefly those who employ themselves in rational inquiry." — See *Christian Examiner*, Vol. V. pp. 142--145, 3d series.

of this statement seem a little too broad.\* Augustine at least, among the Fathers, would appear to have been an exception. Yet certain it is, that the notion of a purely immaterial substance was not familiar to the ancient Christians.† Tertullian believed God to possess body and form,‡ and so did many others, perhaps most Christians of his time. Melito wrote a treatise, now lost, with the title, "God is Corporeal." Origen, in some parts of his writings at least, goes with Tertullian. The term incorporeal, he observes, is not found in the Scriptures.§ Those passages in the Bible which teach that God is a spirit, so far from proving that he is absolutely incorporeal, in the opinion of some of that age, proved directly the reverse. The observation of the Saviour, "God is a spirit," is one of the passages they quote to prove him corporeal,|| for however inconsistent with the modern idea, it was then believed that all spirit had body and shape,—length, breadth, and height,—not body composed of gross, earthly particles, but of a subtile, attenuated substance, somewhat resembling air, ether, or fire. Such was all spirit. Such a substance was God, infinitely extended, according to some, while human souls and angels had only finite extension.¶ The difficulty of forming a conception of a purely spiritual substance, which the Cartesians acknowledged, and which, I suppose, all, who have speculated or thought much on the subject, must have felt, seems to have

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\* Cudworth (Intell. Syst. p. 767, et seq. ed. 1678) has brought together a variety of passages from the philosophers, having a bearing, more or less intimate, on this subject; but the result is unsatisfactory. So also Stewart's Elements, Vol. I. p. 449, ed. Bost., and Diss. I. Part I. p. 138. Hallam, Hist. Lit. Vol. III. p. 141. Beausobre, Hist. Man. T. I. p. 481, et seq. Petavius has also treated of the subject in his Dogmata Theologica. Priestley will not allow that even Descartes taught the strict immateriality of the soul, but thinks that he finds the first direct assertion of it in Sir Kenelm Digby. Disquisitions relating to Matter and Spirit, Vol. I. p. 259.

† I am not aware that the Docetæ were an exception. There is no evidence, I believe, that their idea of spirit was more refined than that of others of their age, or who preceded or followed them, whether philosophers or Christians.

‡ "Quis enim negabit Deum corpus esse?" Adv. Prax. c. VII.

§ De Princ. Præf.

|| De Princ. L. I. c. I.

¶ Still God was frequently said to be *incorporeal*. It is difficult to say precisely what idea was meant to be conveyed by this term. "In the language of the philosophers," and of course, of the philosophical Christians, this word, says Beausobre "excludes neither extension, nor body, taken in a philosophical sense."



presented itself to the minds of the Fathers, and to have induced them the more readily to clothe the Deity with an ethereal and finely attenuated body.

I state these facts out of many others, which might be presented, as illustrating the free range of opinion and speculation, which was allowed among the Christian Fathers of what are generally termed the best ages of the Church. I have purposely selected those which have a bearing, more or less direct, on the speculations which now engage the attention of theologians, both as possessing more interest for us at the present time, and as showing that the difficulties, which now perplex the inquirer, are such as have been felt in other ages, and which, at certain periods of the world, and in certain intellectual states of society, are reproduced, and probably will always continue to be. They are not new, — difficulties which have recently sprung up. The question of inspiration has always been an embarrassing one; and the nature of the Divine Being has always presented difficulties, one of the chief of which is, to keep the middle point, if we can, between Anthropomorphism, on one side, and a sort of Pantheism, or impersonal Deity, amounting to little more than a metaphysical abstraction, on the other. Towards one or the other of these extremes the human mind has always oscillated.

I know of no new facts, or objections, which have been recently presented on subjects of theological inquiry. New theories there have been; for example, theories of the Life of Jesus, and the origin of our present Gospels. But the objections and difficulties, which these theories are meant to meet and obviate, are all, I believe, old. There is scarcely one of them, indeed, which belongs even to modern times. Most of them belong to a very remote period of Christian antiquity.

As to novel speculations, or such as pass for novel, but which to the student of the past will seldom appear such in reality, I do not think that Ecclesiastical History teaches us that much danger is to be apprehended from them, if the right course be pursued. The lesson it conveys, I think, is that the utmost freedom of thought is to be allowed. Freedom of thought is not to be repressed. For more and worse evils come, and have come from the attempt to suppress it, than from its injudicious exercise. Even the extravagances, which grow out of such exercise of it, may lead on to good, just as true science was promoted by the follies of astrology, and the search for the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life.

This is the result in all instances, and it will be, I am confident, in the present ; certainly so, if, as I said, the right course be pursued. And this, if I read history aright, is to admit great latitude of private speculation ; to consider the individual alone as responsible for his conclusions, and not to convert every opinion, we may deem unsound, fanciful, or extravagant, which may be thrown out upon the public, into a question of party ; but either calmly to discuss it, if we think proper, — first, however, taking care that we comprehend it, and seize the author's stand-point, — or else to let it alone, and leave it to die out of itself, which it will probably do before long, if it be what we take it to be, a really unsound opinion, or mere visionary absurdity.

History is full of such examples. Opinions and hypotheses have their day ; they produce a temporary impression ; they slightly agitate men's minds for a time, as a pebble thrown into the lake causes a gentle ripple, and are then engulfed and forgotten, or give place to others equally ephemeral. This has often happened, and will happen again, not in theology merely, but in other things ; and the result is to produce, in philosophical minds, a distrust or even skepticism in regard to whatever contradicts, or seems to contradict, the experience of the past, which is to be overcome only by the most decisive evidence. This evidence may exist, or the suspected or condemned opinion may contain in it some portion, at least, of truth ; and if so, that truth will stand, and we should rejoice that it is so. It is our consolation to believe that no great thought, or sublime principle, once proclaimed to the world, will finally perish. It may be buffeted or rejected for a time, but like the downy seed, it will be at length wafted to a congenial soil, where it will vegetate, and strike root, and yield fruit a hundred fold. Truth may be smothered for a while, but it is not in the power of man to destroy it. Truth never dies. But time soon dissipates the illusions of imagination, brings a remedy to imperfect and half views, and sobers extravagance. If it sometimes canonizes falsehood, in its further progress it unmasks it, and shows us that the divinities we have worshipped are but painted wood. We bow to it not as time the Corrupter, but time the Purifier.

But I must bring my remarks, already too far extended, to a close. You will perceive, that I do not rate very high the immediate and direct benefits the minister will derive from the

study of Ecclesiastical History, in the ordinary discharge of his official duty, though, as I have endeavored to show, these are worth something. He will derive some light from it, which will guide him in questions of a practical nature, which will be continually presenting themselves. But viewed in reference to its indirect and more remote effects, as part of a liberal culture, of which a minister cannot well be destitute, if he would hold a high rank in his profession, and of which he should not be willing to be destitute, if he could, I certainly do attribute no small importance to the study. I think that many species of knowledge, and many intellectual accomplishments, are to be sought by the minister, which he cannot turn to any present and visible account, though he will turn all to account in the end.

There are many evils attending a partial culture and slender attainments in the minister. He will be in danger of sooner exhausting himself, and breaking down, in consequence, or will find himself in some way cramped and impeded in his exertions. On many subjects he will be apt to exhibit a one-sidedness or dogmatism, which are not desirable, and the chance is that he will, at one time or another, see cause to regret his deficiencies, or his friends will for him. The present, surely, is not the period in which high culture can be dispensed with. Many of the questions of the day, questions in which not the theologian merely, but the minister, must take an interest, upon which he can hardly avoid, at some time, and in some way, touching, require in their discussion a wide survey of the past history of the human mind. Some of the problems, which present themselves for solution, carry us back into remote ages. We must call on the past to surrender its facts. We must examine and interrogate those facts, that we may separate reality from illusion, history from fable, divine truth from its earthly envelope and mere time-vesture. The manifestation of the religious element in our nature, and revelations of truth to the human soul, are as old as the existence of man on earth; and there is no fact connected with their history, which may not have its use, and which will not have its use, with the reflecting mind, and often in a manner least anticipated.



## THE POETS AND POETRY OF AMERICA.

HERE is a large volume, whose plan seems suggested by such works as "Campbell's," or "Aiken's British Poets." It is designed "to exhibit the progress and condition of poetry in the United States." It is far more formidable in size, and more elegant in its outward getting-up (bating only the portraits in the Frontispiece, which are libels on the distinguished names beneath them) than any of the popular "Selections," as they are called. It is a whole Museum of all the natural and artificial curiosities, peculiar to this region, which fall under the conventional term of poetry. It is a sort of *Camera Obscura*, which brings within a convenient circle of vision the whole country, with its natural features and its improvements. All our original and all our borrowed wealth are here fancifully paraded on long glittering tables, a true Poets' Fair. Faneuil Hall was never more loaded and decked out with specimens of our industrial mechanical powers. This last figure is most to our purpose, and shall suggest the divisions of our discourse. For as we go to a Faneuil Hall Fair, first, to gratify curiosity, secondly, to buy what we want, and thirdly, to indulge a patriotic pride in contemplating the fruits and future promise of our domestic industry and skill; so the book before us, the "Poets and Poetry of America," may be regarded as a chapter in literary history for the curious; as a collection of poetry, where the hungry soul may feed itself on quickening thoughts; and as a practical answer to the much vexed question, whether there be any poetry, or any prospect of any poetry, which may be called American. The book has a historical, a poetic, and a patriotic interest; curiosity, poetic sensibility, and national pride are the appetites to which it appeals.

The historical view of life under any aspect, of literature, of art, &c. almost necessarily engenders the love of completeness, which tyrannizes over the observer, prompting him to note down much which has no interest but its historical prox-

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[The Poets and Poetry of America. With an Historical Introduction. By RUFUS W. GRISWOLD. Philadelphia: Carey and Hart. 1842. 8vo. pp. 468.]

imity to other, better, and more genuine things of the same kind. The questions which we asked of the stars, as we ignorantly gazed at the heavens, the astronomer with telescope and figures undertakes to answer; but in getting the answer, he brings us back much more than we care or need to know; he catalogues many a star of quite inferior magnitude, many a one which we should never look for in the heavens, or anywhere but in his chart. Yet this is well. And equally so in literary history, in the cataloguing of those hosts of stars, called poets and philosophers, which shimmer through that other firmament, the dimly-lighted, boundless mystery of Mind. The love of philosophy and poetry suggests the love of literary history; enamored of its work, this searches round and rescues from oblivion a thousand poets, whom no one ever thought of loving. It is a large class of minds who love these tabular views of literature; the collectors of literary shells and coins are respectable, good people; and a streak of the same propensity lurks in almost every one who reads, even the man of genius, who is himself a poet. For such, among other things, is this collection of American poetry intended. If the end be laudable, the manner in which it is reached here is no less so. The execution of the work, as another chapter in the history of poetry, merits the praise of thoroughness, clearness, and good taste. As Mr. Griswold remarks, "the judicious critic will be more likely to censure me for the wide range of my selections, than for any omissions he may discover." And again; "In selecting the specimens in this work, I have regarded humorous and other rhythmical compositions, not without merit in their way, as poetry, though they possess but few of its true elements." Accordingly he has given us, first, a very valuable historical introduction on the poetry of America before the Revolution, which, if it all falls under the head of "humorous and other rhythmical compositions, not without merit in their way," and reveals not much poetic genius in our ancestors, serves at least to show what poetry they read, and what the culture, not the sentiment of the times, prompted them to write. Then follows the body of the work, consisting of quite copious selections from the poems of no less than *eighty-seven* different authors; doing as much justice to each, probably, as could be done in a book of this kind; sometimes assigning more space to one author, not because he has more merit, but because he happens to be less known, or from some accidental consideration.

Of course this is a delicate undertaking ; one in which it would not be possible to gratify the preferences of each poet and his circle of admirers, either as regards the quantity or the selection given from his pieces. Considering the difficulty, we think the task has been admirably performed. No two readers of poetry, in attempts to make a select album of the choicest verses from their favorite authors, would probably make anything like the same, hardly a similar, collection. And this partly from variety of tastes, and partly because of accidental associations ; the worth of a poem to our own private mind consisting so often in the mere fact of the time when we first read it, our own outward and inward state when first it smiled and spake to us. In addition to all this, the book contains an *herbarium* of choice poetic flowers esteemed for their intrinsic beauty, and not as specimens of the works of those who have written enough to be called poets. Of these there are some sixty-six, some of them anonymous. To the name of each author is prefixed a brief biographical notice, sometimes with criticisms, which are generally just, often beautiful and instructive, and which show that the editor had no indiscriminating enthusiasm about American poets, and did not deceive himself into the idea, that it was all pure gold which he was offering us.

Our long known and our newly risen bards of promise seem all to be here represented. Freneau and Trumbull and Dwight, &c. of the old school, who labored through their long heroics, in the safe old normal style of *Iliad* and *Æneid*, and Pope and Dryden, and Butler's *Hudibras*, are followed by the names we love, the school of more American bards, like Allston, Dana, Bryant, Percival ; and the line is faithfully traced down to the present time.

But was it worth the while ? And have we here a book of *poetry* ? So inexpressible and unscrutable is that thing in its essence, which we call Poetry, that we will not attempt to define it. There is much that is beautiful ; much that is melodious and gracefully turned ; much that is choice in thought and diction ; much that is original ; — and yet it is not poetry. We can tell all about it, except that in which its essential nature consists. We can give a composition credit for beauty, melody, delicacy, richness and freshness of ideas, depth of feeling and of thought, all that is desirable in poetry, and yet feel that it is not accepted of the Muse. Like everything which never



parts with the power to charm, it keeps that power a secret and a mystery. It never explains itself; but imparts itself to whom it will. It is in vain therefore, that we try to tell what poetry is, preparatory to what we may have to say upon the poetic merits of Mr. Griswold's collection. We will not complain that he has not been more select; since it was his plan, and not his taste or poetic appreciation, which led him over so wide a field, to gather up such a profusion of flowers.

Of course, among so many, (and no one can think of reviewing a hundred poets at a sweep,) there must be all varieties of excellence. There is some true poetry; some little gems, which give us the feeling which all genuine beauty gives, that the smallest thing, if only beautiful, is infinite; that all regard to length or size vanishes, that quantity ceases to be an element, so soon as quality is perfect. We can say this of all the picture-poems of Allston; of the "Thanatopsis," the "West-wind," the "Water-fowl," &c. of Bryant, (though it is only in a limited department that he is a poet, while uniformly as a describer of outward nature, and as an artist in words, rising sometimes to a diction almost Shakspearian, he is unsurpassed;) of the "Picture-song," the "Health," and the "Serenade" of Pinckney; of the Sonnets of Jones Very; of pieces by Emerson, and of many a gem scattered through the volume;—we speak from casual recollection, and the omitting of a name is not the denying of merit.

Then there is much which has every excellence, except that of genuine poetic inspiration. There is a great amount of clever talent displayed throughout the book; lively fancy, sweetness and variety of melody, and almost universally a pure moral tone, a high ideal of virtue. All the various styles of poetry have been, to say the least, happily imitated. At first, as we have seen, it was all Pope and Dryden and Butler. Since, we have had Byron and Wordsworth, and something of Keats, (see "Hymns to the Gods," by Alfred Pike,) and quite too much of Mrs. Hemans. These, mixed in various proportions with such original force as our own most susceptible minds have found in themselves, have dictated the form, and in great part the material of our later poetry. And now, within these few years, we have Shelley, and Goethe, and Schiller, responded to in echoes of their own influence, but in notes of greatest promise; for their effect has been, not so much to set a standard, which can be tamely followed, or to create a shallow en-

thusiasm, which apes their form, and voice, and manner, as to arouse and call forth by sympathy, as with the encouraging voice of an elder brother, the nobler nature and the deeper life. The spirit of the modern German muse is so manifest in almost all the best of this last and as yet tender growth of our own poetry, as to make it as yet doubtful whether we can claim much more than translation in the widest sense, namely, reproduction, of European poetry. But it is such translation or reproduction as shows deep and appreciating natures, and the soul of Poesy latent even here, which can respond so nobly to the voice from abroad. The Psalms of Professor Longfellow, for example, distinguished alike for simplicity and elegance, loved so widely for their heart-felt tone, have all the flavor of the rarest foreign fruits engrafted on a native stock.

In one department, certainly, we may say that many, very many of our bards have written well. And that is in descriptions of the beauty of nature, and of impressions received therefrom. Our glorious ravines, woods, and prairies, our sunsets, and our autumn foliage have not spoken in vain, however much we are as a people given to narrow utility. Records of genuine impressions from nature, descriptions so true to the fact, that they savor of the woods and pines, and show that they were written from individual experience, actually abound in this book.

We may contemplate this Poet's Fair, then, with some just pride. That there is any such thing as an *American School* of poetry; that we have a poetic literature which is truly *national*, it may be too early to say. But that good poetry has been written in America, and that too in goodly quantities, and of manifold varieties, is here made visible to all who will read. We yet look for our own great poet. We yet see no bold, earnest enterprise of this sort on a grand scale. No long poem has been written; \* but only brief, off-hand, casual effusions. With most of our writers it has been a mere stooping to pluck a wild-flower or two, on the way to and fro between business and home; or the bestowing of a few odd moments on the cultivation of a few choice exotic plants. No

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\* Our correspondent forgets *The Conquest of Canaan*, *The Columbiad*, and *The Fredoniad*. The first two of these are well known. Of the other it may be enough to name the titles of the three first Cantos, which stand thus; "Heaven," "Hell," "The Surrender of Detroit!" — Ed.

one has committed himself in full to the vocation of a bard. Thousands are guilty of the fantastic folly of a few rhymes in the course of their life; they get the taste of it; show that they know what it is; and then throw it by, like a plaything.

One thing strikes us, (we may almost say, startles us,) as the eye runs along over these well-spread tables of poetic home-produce. Almost every article is the product of young hands. All the rhyming now-a-days is by young men, (or young women, who sometimes hold out rather longer,) and the lyrics and smaller poems, which have been our admiration since we began to talk of American poetry, appear here as reminiscences of the youth of men, who have long since forsaken the Muse and dropped the idle reed, and are now grown gray and shrewd in practical affairs. From Percival and Bryant and Sprague we hear but seldom; from Dana never. Allston, who might have been the bard among them all, has spoken rather (and who does not feel compensated by the result?) to the eye in divine works of art, throwing out now and then some slight, but exquisite poetic interpretation, as he rested from his labors and mused upon the creations of his hand. With but few exceptions, all our poets renounced, if not the "*vision*," yet the "*faculty* divine," ere they had long reached the manly age. Surviving, as it were, this fever of their youth, they have become prudent, sober men, and utter themselves in solid prose, or still more solid deeds. Why is it? Is the poetic impulse only a disease which all must pass through once, an extravagance of youth? Or, granting it to be a wholesome and divine thing, is poetry in its very nature a flower that blossoms early, a wind-flower of the spring, whose bloom it would be unreasonable to seek to continue into the summer and autumn of life? And is this the natural economy and law of growth, that the soul, like the shrub *Rhodora* in the woods, shall first put out its short-lived flowers in dreams and poetry, and then the leaves which last all summer, then prosaic thought and drudgery, the earnest work of life? Not so with the genuine, the chosen, and inspired priest of song. He is always young. He carries spring-time and hope and fresh enthusiasm through life with him; and wherever he treads, fresh flowers spring up about his feet. Nay, poetry is a perpetual fountain of rejuvenescence; we drink of its waters and are young again; the sober formalist, the intellect slinks away like a self-convicted pedant, and the heart has its day, and fond ideals revive, and the first



faith of childhood triumphs for an hour over the skeptical lessons of experience. Poetry is not, in itself, unmanly, or unfit to dwell with the maturest age and wisdom. Woe to the man who allows the conventionalisms of the world to shame him out of the boyish simplicity with which he wooed the Muse, who has ceased to "reverence the dreams of his youth." Poetry forsakes not man, as he passes from youth to manhood, until he forsakes himself, and learns to temporize with fortune and with fashion.

We must seek further. Is the poetic impulse genuine, it may be asked, which so soon folds its wearied wings, and attempting no more flights in upper air, prefers to creep upon the earth with other "tame villatic fowls?" Was it not a false ambition, exciting to feeble imitation natures never born to fly? Was it not all forced work with them, which they could not force themselves to perform much longer? Doubtless in many cases this has been so. The culture, not the spirit of the man, may often lead him into efforts, not without success for a time, which, not being prompted from the inmost heart and marrow of himself, where all heavenly influence enters, must necessarily lose their strength at last for want of a perpetual spring to feed it. But the genuine in poetry, as in all arts, always approves itself at once; and we have seen that there has much been written here which gives us that true feeling, while we read it. Moreover, is not our general literature, are not our conventions where the word is spoken and not written, all glowing with unconscious poetry? The most poetic minds of the age write in prose; and there is room for beauty, fervor, and richest melody, even in that apparently unmeasured form. Has any verse more melody than Milton's prose, or much of Channing's and of Emerson's? And are not all the higher flights of eloquence poetry? And of this no people will boast more.

Where the impulse has been genuine, nay, where there has been genius of no mean quality, some condition has been wanting, it would seem, to a full development of it. The truth is, that our social life discourages all poetry. It allows none of that simple, spontaneous, self-forgetting habit of mind, which is so essential to any pure worship or fervent praise of the Ideal. Every one becomes awfully self-conscious in the glare of such a self-surrounding, criticising public opinion. He knows that every eye is upon him, questioning the utility, the motives, and the tendency of all he does and says; that his

simplest and most beautiful acts will offend most against the law of custom. Everybody keeps reminding him that he is strange, until he adopts their way and becomes a stranger to himself. Thus the poet, like a bashful child in the midst of a formidable company, is struck dumb, and is happy, if he can only escape from his awkward confusion enough to play a conventional part like the rest. The root of this tyrannizing, narrow public opinion is partly the utilitarian, money-getting spirit of the age, of which we need not speak ; and partly the selfish love of comparative excellence, of individual importance in the eyes of the world, which never accepts a man for what he is, but asks how much greater or smaller is he than A or B ? How far does he rise above or sink below the common run ? Of course the standard by which these questions are answered, the scale of merit for all, will be whatever the majority most prize ; and that is wealth. And so the poet, if he would pass for anything, must snatch for his portion, and first get to be fashionable. No one, but the artist himself, can conceive of the immense moral courage which it costs to be an artist, a true one, in such a state of society.

We cannot say how far this social characteristic is connected with our republican institutions. Doubtless it is in some measure a result from them ; but it were idle to charge our lack of great poets upon them. We do not believe that there is, or can be in any circumstances, such a thing as a peculiarly *American* poetry. An American poetry would be a poetry which should breathe the spirit of our institutions ; and that, if realized, should be purely human, wide, universal, and not merely patriotic and national. It is not the love of country, but the love of man, and recognition of the spiritual equality of all men, which is the idea of our Constitution. But our Constitution is an ideal floating far above our heads, while our life is sordid in its motives, and narrow in its practical maxims ; and love of power and invidious distinction, and slavery to custom, so prevail, as to make us all sadly conscious of the glaring inconsistency between profession and practice. This weighs like a spell upon everything like poetic impulse. Poetry must be the spontaneous expression of an earnest, deep, and unmisgiving life. We must *live* the principles of our Constitution, before we shall have that faith in them, which can overflow in song. We must live up to our Constitution, would we as a people realize the promised influence of liberty upon poetry

and art. We have gone too far to return and live contentedly in the belief, that the old ways are right and well enough. And yet the old habit clings to us in spite of our new profession. This every thinking mind feels; and it is plain that the truest poetry for us at present is, to carry out in practice the ideal principles of human brotherhood and justice, which we have hung out as our national banner. Any such practical contradiction, any such consciousness "of a false position," is utterly at war with and paralyzes the creative power of genius. We believe, then, that the most ideal and poetic impulse of our people is engaged in the movements of reform; and that when our social life comes near to the beauty of our national principles, then there will be poetry gushing forth from a full heart, that trusts its own words. A state of full, entire belief is the first condition of poetry. And that occurs twice; *first*, in the simplicity of the olden time, when men do not dream that there may be a better state of society than that they live in, and therefore *do* make a shift to *live* in it. And *secondly*, when, once inspired with the idea of progress, they go the length of their idea, and do not talk about it, but *live* in it.

The intermediate state of perpetual doubt and misgiving and self-accusation, when, having proclaimed their doctrine, they still cling timidly to the ways of the majority, robs genius of its faith in itself, haunts it with the nightmare of a morbid consciousness of self, and takes away all creative energy.

J. S. D.

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#### LIFE AND WRITINGS OF DR. FOLLEN.

A JOURNAL, usually recognised as a dictator in the literary world, has declared, that no one can be expected to write a good biography of a near relative. This canon may safely be disputed, whether it is intended to apply to the relation of consanguinity or of friendship. And a sounder maxim would be, that no one can write a good biography of any person, to

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[The Works of Charles Follen, with a Memoir of his Life. Boston: Hilliard, Gray, & Co. 1842. 5 vols. 12mo.]

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whom he is not bound by the closest ties of affection. Love alone has insight. Indifference, curiosity, hate are blind. The advantage is wholly on the side of the biographer, when he is writing of one united to him by blood. Hereditary tendencies enable him to appreciate by his own experience the radical character, which is essentially the same though superficially modified in all the members of a family. Friendship is, however, a better qualification for a biographer than consanguinity; for friends are relatives not in the blood but in the spirit. They are bound together from seeing in each other's characters the germ or full-grown beauty of what they know to be best in themselves, or yet oftener, from finding there the very qualities, of which they are consciously deficient, and which they most need to complete their ideal. Friends are born together of God, and learn through love to know the greatness of the nature, which casual acquaintance overlooks, and which the rudeness of worldly collisions drives into the hiding-places of reserve. A man's real spirit is a walled city to his fellow-man, till confidence has unbarred the gates. Relationship, whether by birth or friendship, is the best preparation for a biographer.

We should have taken up this memoir of Charles Follen by his wife, then, with the prepossession, that we should find there portrayed his most characteristic features, even if we had not known how very pure, tender, and perfect was the love that bound and still binds these friends together. But we frankly confess, we were not prepared, from what we knew of the enthusiasm of the author, for the tone of subdued affection which makes the charm and constitutes the atmosphere of this book. We have felt, in reading it, how very near must have seemed to her the presence of him, who has passed into the world of transparent truth. The duty has been faithfully rendered which she thus simply and touchingly describes.

"It was only for the sake of my child, that I first thought of writing the history of his father's life, feeling the conviction, that it would be the best blessing I could confer upon him; but my friends convinced me, that I ought to have a wider aim and a higher purpose than this, and that many hearts might be elevated, many souls quickened and blessed, by the contemplation of the life and character of such a being.

"I may say with truth, and in his own words, 'I have wished to perform this duty in his spirit, not attempting to present what my own mind might invent, or my personal feelings

dictate, but, from such records as I have, to give the simple story of his life, which is his best eulogy.'

"I feel an unutterable shrinking from thus removing the veil of privacy from all that is most dear and holy in my own existence; but by no other means could the beautiful image of his life and character be given. No one knew him as I did. Therefore, with an unhesitating faith and a cheerful courage, I commit this inadequate record of my husband's life to the public, remembering, that the weak feeling, which makes this act a sort of self-crucifixion, will pass away, and that, while the hand that drew it will be forgotten, this faithful picture of human excellence will live forever in the minds of many.

"The effort to suppress the anguish of soul, which would unfit me for my sacred task, has contributed much towards the fulfilment of his parting charge to me, to 'be of good courage' till we meet again." — pp. 581, 582.

Charles Follen was the second son of Christopher Follen, counsellor of law and judge, first at Giessen, and then at Friedberg in Hesse-Darmstadt. He was born on the 4th of September, 1796. It was ominous of an eventful life, that while the ceremony of his christening was going on, the hitherto quiet house was suddenly filled with a troop of French soldiers, with General Jourdan at their head. The son united in beautiful harmony the characters of the parents. The father is thus described in a letter from Charles, written after his death.

"How clear and living does the image of my father's soul stand before me. His penetrating and comprehensive understanding; his uprightness and firmness; his glowing justice, aiding the oppressed, unmoved by the prayers or power of the oppressor; his contempt of all false appearances; his self-sacrificing, untiring sense of duty, which acknowledged no superior, regarded no relationship, which knew neither friend nor foe, which kept him always ready to stand before the highest judgment. Who of us does not remember with a painful pleasure his cheerful disposition, his wit, his power of entertaining, his noble and truly youthful interest in the generous though imprudent exertions of young people; his childlike pleasure in children, whom he attached to himself by his humorous inventive imagination, and gift at story-telling." — pp. 317, 318.

The mother was a gentle lady, full of loveliness, who died when Charles was but three years old; — and probably we see the traces of her softness in the feeling, which made him through life remember the "sad day, when he sat all alone

upon the great old-fashioned stairs, feeling as if he were forgotten, and no one of those who passed up and down spoke a word to him, and he heard a bell toll, and felt that something very sorrowful, he knew not what, had happened, and he cried, he knew not why." p. 4. After his mother's death, the two other sons and the daughter were sent away, and Charles remained alone at home, where his father devoted himself to his improvement with a patient affection, which may be tested by the amusing and pleasing anecdote, that he allowed Charles to stretch wires across every part of his study, and hang them with bells to make a tune, without complaining of their jangle or of the trouble in stooping under them. Surely an indulgent man for a studious judge! Indeed it is plain, that the father's heart was peculiarly poured out on this beloved son. And a friendship then began which each remaining year served only to ripen. The tone of hearty love, in which the father addressed his son through the period when he was following a course that his own sobered judgment did not wholly approve, and the frankness with which he proposes to come and live with him in America, speak volumes as to the truth of the relation that bound them together. They were what parent and child should ever be, intimate, confiding friends. The simple words of the father to Augustus and Charles, when they told him they had enlisted, "If you had not done so, I should not have acknowledged you as my sons," shows the manly freedom in which he desired them to stand. Christopher Follen was a good father.

But Charles was greatly indebted also to his step-mother, a woman for whose spirit and character all that is said in the volume, and all that we can gather from her letters, awakens a warm respect; and to whom he was plainly attached as to a mother. And so the boy grew up in a loving home, where the sunshine which a child's heart needs was warm. He was delicate in health, and rather backward, sensitive, and gentle, yet resolute and persevering, inclined to be grave, though open-hearted to the romance of youth. All the little anecdotes he gives of his early years are full of beauty. You see the magnanimity of later years in the grand way, with which he held out his hand to his father, who had angrily punished him, and said, "Father, I forgive you." p. 6. A steady industry, so characteristic of his manhood, enabled him to mount rapidly from class to class, and he remained below only because his



age would not allow him to go higher. A delicate honor and self-respect shows itself in the violent fits of grief, which any attempt to banter him upon peculiarities awakened. Perhaps a somewhat stern and even morbid conscientiousness appears in his premature seriousness ; and a mind too early thoughtful in the curiosity, which led him, after lying awake to solve some puzzling question, to rise and wake his father to answer it for him. He says, that he was naturally timid ; but this we doubt, and should rather refer to the powerful action of imagination whatever may have seemed like fear. It is an error often made ; and many a boy and man seems brave, who is merely hard and sluggish in his ideal nature. Certainly one anecdote, which Dr. Follen related of himself in after years, shows a most determined purpose, if not instinctive fearlessness. When he was at Coire, he found a bridge, deep beneath which the Rhine rushed foaming along. Being easily affected to dizziness when looking from a height, he thought a good opportunity here offered itself to subdue the weakness, and daily walked upon the parapet with his eyes upon the whirling stream, falling in upon the bridge when vertigo seized him, until by perseverance he was able to run backwards and forwards upon this narrow footing with perfect ease. He could scarcely have been fearful as a boy, who in manhood showed such steadiness of nerve. Another anecdote to the same effect we feel inclined to mention, as it is a remarkable indication of his courage and decision, and, like the foregoing one, does not appear in the narrative. He was once, with a party of fellow-travellers, threading his dangerous way along a mountain side in the pass well called "Via Mala ;" where now, indeed, thanks to the policy of Austria, is a broad and smooth macadamized road ; but where then was only the narrowest foot-path, winding along on the face of the precipice. The companion before him, an Italian exile, had been eloquently discussing the wrongs of his country, quite unconscious of danger, till suddenly looking down into the yawning abyss, where hundreds of feet below the river lay like a skein of foam, he trembled, turned pale, and leaning against the side of the precipice declared, he could go no further. There was no time for parley, no room to turn, the fate of the whole party was at stake, for had he fallen he would have dragged with him the others. Dr. Follen instantly seized him by the neck, and calling him by name said, if you do not at once go forward, I will

dash you headlong down. Of course this appeal drove the blood from the Italian's heart again, courage returned, and they were safe. This shows him cool and brave. But that he was all alive to strong impressions of the imagination we can well believe. His nature was poetical and tender. He liked to pass whole days by the brook, that ran behind his grandfather's garden in Romrod, and mingle his young thoughts with the gurgling waters. In a word, his boyish character was formed amidst all the loving charms, and simple tastes, and humble romances of a German home; and we doubt, if England or America can often show a soil so prodigal of hearty manliness and sweet courtesy. The Germans have a sensitive kindness pervading daily life, somewhat foreign to the hard Anglo-Saxons. Any one, who in after years saw Dr. Follen with children, a boy among boys, all awake to their little fancies, and winding the garlands of his sympathy and the crowns of his cheerfulness round them, needs not to be assured, that affection had filled his young mind with all gentle associations.

Having obtained many prizes for literary labors, and passed the regular examinations, Charles entered the University of Giessen in 1813, being under seventeen years of age, and devoted himself to jurisprudence. Immediately after the battle of Leipzig he joined a volunteer corps of riflemen, consisting mostly of students. And to understand his after character, his sternness against wrong, his heroic daring against all manner of oppression, his readiness to combat for justice, we must bear in mind the mighty influence which this German crusade against the tyrant of France excited. The spirit, that was nurtured into vigorous life in him through these stormy years, found its expression in the Funeral Hymn of Körner, which may be read on p. 610, Vol. I. Thus early he had consecrated himself to the cause of freedom, and was inspired with that hope, which then bound the youth of Germany into a living whole, and which, but for the cowardice and treachery of their governments, might ere this have redeemed their own land and Europe. Alas! when will such an opportunity return again, as was opened to Christendom by the outbreak of democracy, and the downfall of that apostate to freedom, who was called to be and might have been its favored son.

From this period we may date the history of Charles Follen's public life. Though devoting himself perseveringly

to literary labors, with the scrupulous thoroughness of a German student, he gave his best thoughts and energies to awakening among his fellows a hope for the political, moral, and religious reform of the German people. "When but a boy of twelve years of age, he had dwelt upon the idea of a state of society, in which every man, through his own free effort, should make himself a true image of Jesus. He thought that nothing short of Christ-like perfection should satisfy us." Thus was freedom to be secured for one's own soul; and then would he be ready to struggle against all tyranny. These views diffused through the hearts of his people he believed would destroy all oppressions. An occasion was immediately presented to test his principles. On returning to their respective universities, after the holy struggle for their native land, the students generally felt a disgust at the selfishness and pettiness of the customs prevailing among them, at the folly of the distinctions and divisions which banded them into hostile *Landsmanschaften*; and a general desire for reform of these abuses prevailed. This seems to have been especially the case at Giessen, where Follen was a leader if not *the* leader of the movement; and we wish we had room for a lengthened sketch of the stand which he and others took. We refer our readers to the deeply interesting account in the *Memoir*, pp. 23-50. "He commenced the life of reform with himself; was exemplary in his devotion to study; pure and upright in all his actions; so careful of the rights of others, and so free from blemish himself, that even the malicious and envious could not find aught against him. He had perfected himself in all manly exercises; was a skilful gymnast; a master of the broadsword; a powerful swimmer;" and from the combined effect of such character and accomplishments "exercised an influence that was felt by all. p. 24. This drew upon him, from his exertions to introduce discipline, good morals, and industry among the students, the hatred of the bad and ill-disposed." More than that, he befriended the weak against all the petty tyrants, who attempted to domineer over them; and of course was often called upon to use his sword against these bullies. It is characteristic of the man, that he never fought a duel on purely personal grounds. p. 26. So early had he become the disinterested friend of the oppressed. It is much to be lamented for the good of Germany, and through German Universities, of the world, for plainly enough she must be the focus



of illumination for a long time yet to come, that this manly attempt to substitute a true code of honor and virtue among the students, in place of capricious and barbarous usages, did not succeed. But it failed, doubtless through the underhanded manœuvres of the governments and their spies, who dreaded the effects of the flood of new life gathering on these mountain sides to sweep with fertilizing power over the country. Politicians saw, that their slight barriers would be overwhelmed by a strong tide of generous-hearted youth. And so by an artful working upon national prejudices they raised the cry of "Jacobins — Black Robbers," and silenced the Reformers under threats of severest penalties. It was part of the same cunning and cruel scheme of debasement, that led them to close the gymnasia of the heroic Jahn, who, with his grand maxim of "Strong, free, joyful, and pious," was breathing into all he taught a spirit of manly self-reliance, which in two generations would have re-created a whole people, and made them free. If the politicians of Europe would have had but faith, instead of yielding to childish doubt, all would have been well. It is not too late even now.

But the misfortune of the time was, that owing to the long established usurpations of the church, basing herself as she had done upon man's ineradicable religious instincts, a necessity arose at the time of the French revolution for a revolt against all that was held sacred. Hence democracy, as it first appeared, was atheistic. But just the religious reform, which such young men as Charles Follen longed and prayed for, would have fulfilled the best hope of that generation. Let us rejoice, that in our day the signs have brightened of a wider, purer, more radical reform; though we need even now souls pure, earnest, devout, heroic, as Follen's, to go forth and announce in high-ways and by-ways the coming of the kingdom. Doubtless this young German was an enthusiast; doubtless he did not allow for the slow processes, by which in the moral, as in the material world, the craggy cliff becomes a rounded hill, and the quaking bog a verdant meadow. But what would society do but for such young prophets? Their errors and failures are the sunken stones, on which as a foundation shall be reared, by successive contributions, broad bridges for way-faring humanity. Let the aged and experienced oppose ultraism, but let the young be earnest in hope. From the time of this first public effort for justice and right, Charles

Follen was a marked man ; one of those persons, dreadful for their purity, whom the prudent of the earth call dangerous. And unquestionably he was dangerous to all abusers of their fellow-men. It is plain enough, at least, he was sternly resolved to advance human liberty at any cost. He was never a non-resistant ; and in this day of full-blooded youth, with the notions of honor imbibed in a German university, cradled in those earthquake shocks of conquest amidst which his boyhood was past, it is no wonder surely, that he put faith in the strong hand as well as in the small voice, and dared to look boldly forward at the civil convulsions, through which society might be called to pass, ere it reached the promised land of peace. To those, who remember the beautiful sweetness, the air of deliberate calmness in which he moved among us here, it may seem strange that he should ever have penned the really fierce invectives of "*The Great Song*." But if we call to mind his age, the influences working on his character, and especially the atrocious deceits of the German governments, and the sullen despair into which these generous youths were driven, we shall do more than pardon, we shall honor the single-hearted determination, that flinched at no peril. The many may be prudent, and be willing to lose a great good, and leave unperformed great duties, rather than wade through the horrors of civil contention to reach them ; but they are the few, the very few who have faith enough in God and man to see, that Peace and Self-sacrifice advance humanity more surely and rapidly, than even successful contest, where the prophets of reform are faithful unto death. Surely we ought not to blame Charles Follen, that in his youth he did not see, that Good alone can overcome Evil, that Love is the only conqueror, or rather that Good and Love may use no other weapons than conviction, persuasion, and a consistent life. He was at this time twenty-one years of age, and had just completed a thorough examination of every argument urged by the most powerful minds against religion, the result of which was a most firm and joyful faith, from that time forward forever brightening ; and the importance of which conscientious grasping with doubts he bore witness to in after years, when he said, "*For myself I can truly declare, that next to the Gospel itself, the books that have been written against it have been the most efficient promoters of my belief in its divine truth.*" p. 56. This fervent Christian faith pours itself eloquently out amid the fiery indignation

of the "Great Song," which we ask our readers to peruse with sympathy. For ourselves we confess that the occasion, on which this stirring lyric, full of fire and beauty although so fierce, was sung, when we consider the time, place, circumstances, and actors, rises up like one of the grand historical events of the century. It has a poetical and picturesque heroism about it, which is almost unique. A graphic account of the meeting may be found in Howitt's *Student-Life of Germany*. We can only refer our readers to it, as also to the brief sketch given in the present volume, p. 56 - 60. It will be seen from this, that the burning hatred of tyranny and love of freedom, which Dr. Follen expresses in his songs, was shared with all the truly noble and generous spirits of his country; and this must be remembered in judging of the reasonableness of his hope for the regeneration of his people.

"He was not at the feast of the Wartburg. He and his friends, with other students who remained at Giessen, commemorated the day by partaking together of the Lord's supper. The spirit of self-sacrifice, which had led the German nation to victory on that day, four years before, this band of religious and patriotic young men thought worthy of Him who laid down his life for mankind; and it was in order to cherish this spirit, and that they might anew pledge themselves, in this solemn way, to a life of self-sacrificing devotion to their country's welfare, that they chose this mode of keeping the day holy." — pp. 59, 60.

Such was his baptism into Liberty.

And next came his temptation. Six months only after he had finished his University studies, while yet but twenty-one, he was invited by several hundred communities of the province of Hesse to petition the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt to repeal an unjust and oppressive institution. What a reputation must he have acquired, to have been thus honored; and what invincible virtue did it show, to be ready to take up, single-handed, the forsaken cause of the people, under the declaration of the government, that this union was seditious, and their threat to deprive every counsellor-at-law of his office, who should serve in the cause. What a triumph too in the very entrance on active life, so to influence public opinion, as to prevail upon the Duke to take back the ill advised and unjust step. This triumph for his countrymen, however, was his own ruin, as he well knew it would be when he undertook the cause. From this time forward he was an object of hatred



to the government, and finding his hopes blighted at Giessen, he accepted an invitation to lecture at Jena. But what a trifle to this generous man seemed his worldly disappointment.

"There was no period of his life, that he looked back upon with such unmingled pleasure as upon this. He loved to speak of it. He knew, that it laid the foundation of the final ruin of all his hopes in his native land; but he seldom alluded to that. He loved to describe the appearance of the simple-hearted, reverend delegates from the communities, and their gratitude to him for his exertions in their behalf. He loved to remember the general burst of generous indignation, which was called forth from the people by the petition he drew up, stating the injustice of the new law; and his own joy at the triumph of simple right against arbitrary power and selfish cunning. He forgot, he was indeed all-unconscious at these times, by what sacrifices the good had been obtained." — p. 66.

We follow the young hero for liberty now to Jena; and cannot here omit a portrait sketched by the hand of an intimate friend and fellow-martyr in the cause of freedom, who is now a resident in our community, and whom we gladly welcome to such security and peace, as our country, in its present imperfect state of liberty, can afford.

"Dr. Follen received us as an old acquaintance; and we called each other at once Du (thou). He was candid and kind, open and confiding, without appearing to demand the same manner from those he conversed with. But there was, in his bearing, his appearance, the tones of his voice, in his movements, his glances, in fact, in the whole man, something so noble, such calmness, strength, determination, and an almost proud earnestness, a something peculiar to himself, which imperceptibly inspired all who came in contact with him with a deep feeling of respect. Picture to yourself, in addition to this, a very smooth, somewhat broad, but delicately formed forehead; a well-shaped nose; deep blue eyes, full of soul; a red and not too large mouth; thick, light-colored whiskers; smooth, light hair, which, parted on the middle of his forehead, hung around his neck in wavy locks; a skin so fair and rosy, so fresh and clear, that none, among my fair readers, would for a moment have resented a comparison being made between it and their own. Again, picture to yourself this head on a sound, powerful, and well-grown body of middle stature, and clothe the figure ordinarily in a blue, German student's coat, trimmed with buttons of mother of pearl, and you will have before you

the image of Dr. Follen, 'the incarnate devil,' (the term applied to him by Wit, when he vilified his name and his character.) This man was as serene, pure, and chaste in his manners as in his words; and we, who have visited three different universities, can assure you, that we have nowhere met his equal, nor any that could be compared to him, for purity and chasteness of manners and morals." — pp. 80, 81.

Such was the youth who at the age of twenty-two dared to lecture before the cultivated community of Jena on the *Pandects of Justinian*. It is a proof of great accomplishments and uncommon intellectual vigor, that he met with eminent success, was received into the circle of such noble minds, as Oken and Wieland, &c; and yet more, that the whole class of law students, which was very respectable, remained with him to the last, giving thus their testimonial to the great interest and real excellence of the lectures. The same friend from whom we have quoted says; "Charles Follen was incontestably the most respected and best cultivated young man then living in Jena." And most remarkable was the position which he here assumed. We have already seen, how at Giessen he had consecrated himself to a Christ-like perfection of spirit and of life; we have read above the testimonial of his friend to the peculiar purity and loftiness of his character. And now he was to astonish all by his unflinching self-confidence. He began boldly to maintain that he lived wholly according to reason, and was all that reason could require of him; "he was so proud and exacting that he spoke in terms of indescribable contempt of the meanness and weakness of him, who believed that the consciousness of truth and beauty, and the conception of lofty ideas, could ever be separated from their realization in life, their practice and their development in their whole extent."

His faith expressed itself thus in a Communion Hymn.

"Hast thou escaped thyself?  
A Christ shalt thou become;  
A child of earth, like thee  
Was he, the Son of Man.  
In thy being the Nought is turned to nought;  
God judges thee, as thou hast judged thyself;  
God through himself, through love, became man,  
That he our aim and model might remain." — p. 599.

"He did not think himself a Christ; but maintained that

every one should, like Christ, strive after moral perfectibility, and be willing to die for his faith." This was enthusiasm, if men please to call it so. We can only say in relation to it, first, that we should have only the highest hopes for any one awakened to such unlimited aspiration; and secondly, that we need nothing so much, as men who dare thus to throw open their whole souls as a temple for holiness. Indeed we see not how any one on the ground of common sense, as well as of religion, can content himself with a lower aim than perfection. But it must be perfection in God's own time. It is the last and hardest temptation to learn, and become patient under the conviction, that the growth of character must be slow; that this gradual development is the necessary condition for a matured freedom; and it is the highest virtue while eager and fervent after the highest good willingly to allow the veil, which God has wrapped around us, as he bears us in his arms, to be unlifted. But we envy not the moderation of those, whose hearts do not leap with joy, when they see a man single-hearted enough, to believe that he can at once be "filled with the fulness of God." How infinitely truer and worthier this state of mind, than the timid, creeping, half-dozing state, in which the thousands burrow, like moles. But enthusiasm, however noble, bears naturally and necessarily fanaticism as its fruit. And it is plain enough, that at this period of his life Follen was a fanatic; truly a most lofty and generous one, but still intolerant, and overbearing. It needed the softening influences of many disappointments to make him the calm though zealous, just though inflexible, courteous and gentle though frank and uncompromising friend of truth, he showed himself consistently to be among us here. The unconditional submission, which he demanded to his moral and political opinions, made him at once the leader of a party, whose aim was the highest and widest reform of the whole people, and at the same time the object of most undisguised and violent attack. A writer of the time indeed hesitated not to call this young saint, for he was one, "a devil." In a word, at the age of twenty-two the boldness of Charles Follen's ethical and social system was producing a strong sensation at Jena, as it had done two years before at Giessen, when the murder of the miserable Kotzebue by Sand gave an opportunity to the government to get rid of a man, whom they feared, and could neither convert nor silence. Any clear judgment would of



course say, that poor Sand was insane; and while disapproving his uncalled for and criminal act, still sympathize with the stern uprightness which was struggling with his morbid fancies. But what gross injustice is it to pour out the vials of indignation, as the world has done, upon this half-crazed young student, and spare none for the hoary-headed traitor, who was secretly undermining the best interests of the nation, which gave him a home. Very possibly the government actually thought Dr. Follen an instigator of this deed, for fear in its twilight converts even guiding sign-posts into threatening fiends, and he had been known to say, "if matters come to the worst, all who are wavering in their faith must be sacrificed," alluding to the necessity that he feared there might be for some violent contest, in securing the triumph of liberty; but more probably the political leaders used this event only as a plausible ground of accusation against one, who was suspected of being the author of those popular songs, which were stirring deeply the hearts of the multitude. The world knows the result of this attempt to implicate Dr. Follen. In March Kotzebue was murdered. In May Dr. Follen was examined at Weimar, where nothing was of course discovered against him, and whence he returned to finish his lectures at Jena. In the following October he was again arrested and carried to Manheim, for the purpose of confronting him with Sand, where he was subjected to the most tedious and vexatious questioning. Every effort was made to prove him guilty, but in vain. There was no ground whatever to suspect him of connivance, and he was acquitted. But how characteristic and beautiful was his parting with Sand.

"After a long and very trying interview, which both of them endured with the utmost patience and calmness, when there was no longer anything to ask him, and they were about to lead him away, the sight of his poor, deluded friend, so quietly and so cheerfully waiting the cruel death that was to finish his sufferings, and conclude the strange tragedy of his life, the beautiful expression of his noble countenance, and his conviction of the purity of his misjudging mind, so overcame him, that, in spite of the presence of his stern judges and all the dictates of prudence, he suddenly pushed those aside who would have held him back, and, rushing to the bedside of his still dear friend, took him in his arms, and pressed him to his heart, as he bade him farewell for ever." — pp. 74, 75.

Dr Follen was acquitted, but he could no longer remain at

Jena, nor even at his father's house in Giessen. He now stood as an object of suspicion to many, and of the unrelenting persecution of men in power. A man who had bitterly opposed him at Geissen said, when he heard of his return, "Ah! the axe has its handle again; this will not do." Some then spoke of his unblemished character. "So much the worse," was the answer, "I should like him better, if he had a few vices." The government determined to imprison him; and, in 1819, the young martyr of twenty-three already famous became an exile. He at last found a retreat, as professor, in the cantonal school of the Grisons at Coire or Chur, where the liberality of his theological opinions obliged him, after a residence of less than a year, to resign his place; receiving at his departure from his fellow-professors and his pupils the highest testimonials of personal respect. He was then appointed public lecturer at the university of Basle. This was a most happy period of his life. He was surrounded by dear friends. The young men received his instructions into liberal hearts, and responded to his stirring doctrines of Liberty. He was engaged to be married. Life was full of promise. His days were beautiful, peaceful, and free. But this period of repose was not to last. Tyrants trembled when they heard that in Switzerland this new temple of freedom was erected;—and on the 27th of August, 1824, the government of Basle received three notes from the government of Prussia, Austria, and Russia, demanding that Dr. Follen and another professor should be given up to the tribunal of inquisition, which the King of Prussia had established at Kaepnick, near Berlin. The governments of Hesse-Darmstadt and Nassau added their demands for the surrender of their born subjects; and finally Berne sent an entreaty, that the general peace should not be hazarded for the sake of two individuals. The accusation was, that they were the prime movers in a grand conspiracy to overthrow the monarchical state of Germany. The government of Basle summoned the two professors to give an explanation of these accusations, which Dr. Follen declared were "as unfounded as vague." He demanded that he should be tried, if tried at all, by the courts of the canton. The government of Basle, feeling the injustice of these general charges, and seeing too that their own honor and freedom were at stake, refused to surrender him. But three more notes from the great powers arrived, and at last the spirit of Basle broke, and Dr. Follen was ad-

vised to depart. But with that firmness, dignity, and perfect fearlessness, which marked his whole course, he refused to go, and claimed a trial. The government issued an order for his arrest; and seeing then the impossibility of longer resistance, he left the city, sending as his farewell, the following protest to the government.

"Whereas the *Republic* of Switzerland, which has protected so many fugitive princes, noblemen, and priests, would not protect him, who, like them, is a *republican*, he is compelled to take refuge in the great asylum of liberty, the United States of America. His false accusers he summons before the tribunal of God and public opinion. Laws he has never violated. But the heinous crime of having loved his country has rendered him guilty to such a degree, that he feels quite unworthy to be pardoned by the Holy Alliance." — p. 119.

From the University he received the following testimonial of respect.

"The highly honored and learned Doctor of the Civil and Ecclesiastical law, Charles Follen, has discharged, during a term of three years, his duty as a public teacher of metaphysics and jurisprudence in our university of Basle with great diligence. He has, accordingly, not only conciliated to himself great esteem from his colleagues, but has also deserved well of the students. He always, like a good man and citizen, has manifested a friendly disposition towards his fellow-teachers, and shown becoming respect to the magistrates of the republic and the government of this university, and has rendered his disciples obliged and attached to him in the highest degree. This, at his request, is hereby testified by the professor of every faculty of the university of Basle, and confirmed, at their order, with the university seal, by

The Rector,  
JOHN RUDOLPH BURCKHARDT."

So terminated in a protest against injustice the European life of Charles Follen. And in his exile, his native land drove from her one of her noblest-hearted sons, and one whom she could ill afford to lose. Under the boot of a chaise he left the city, with the passport of a young man who resembled him, and who, though a stranger, thus subjected himself to the heaviest penalties of the law out of regard to Dr. Follen's character and conduct. After various adventures and escapes,



he at last succeeded in leaving Havre, on the 5th November, 1824, and arrived at New York, on the 12th January, 1825.

We have dwelt at some length upon Charles Follen's early years; for it is always interesting to trace the formation of any character, and especially so of a remarkable one. The intrinsic interest of the history of these twenty-eight years, indeed, is a sufficient reason for attempting to do justice to the rare greatness of a man, who while so young produced a deep impression on his countrymen. Yet more we have thought, that many who might read these papers, and who remember with grateful and respectful affection our friend too early lost, would like to review the discipline through which he was trained up to a commanding virtue. But our chief motive in describing in detail the events of his European life has been, to call attention to the extent of the disappointment, which Dr. Follen bore with such cheerfulness. But for the opposition of tyrants at home he might have led a career of usefulness and honor, as large as the most aspiring could seek; and he was rudely expelled from this sphere, where Providence had assigned him the noblest mission, because goodness made him dangerous to the bad. Did we appreciate the sublime equanimity, with which, unmurmuring and wasting no time in regrets, he gave his best energies to the good of his adopted land? How touchingly does he say in his preface to "*Religion and the Church*," "Twelve years ago, when crossing the Atlantic, to commence life anew in a new world, the long cherished scheme of religious philanthropy was ever before my mind, as the only star of promise amidst the gloom of disappointed hopes, baffled exertions, and broken bonds of affection. Many passages, now first published, were composed on that voyage." How affecting too the account of his arrival.

"Dr. Follen has said to me, in speaking of his arrival in this country, that, when he was told by the captain that they were within sight of New York, while it was yet so foggy that he could see nothing beyond the ship, he stood straining his eyes with almost a feeling of apprehension, lest the New World, like his other hopes, should vanish before he should actually touch the soil; when suddenly the mist lifted up, and the sun burst forth, and kindled up the glittering spires of the city; and he heard the Sabbath bells calling the inhabitants to church. In another moment, as it were, he found himself standing upon the soil of free America. 'I wanted,' he said,

‘to kneel upon the ground, and kiss it, and cling to it with my hands, lest it should even then escape my grasp.’” — pp. 138, 139.

The tempest-tost voyager had found a home at last, and to be ready for his work while it was yet day, he devoted himself intensely to the study of the English language, with such success that in six months’ time he began to prepare a course of lectures upon civil law, which, from the ease and beauty of style, show him a master of his new tongue. It was characteristic in him frequently to practise one word for hours together, till he had perfectly satisfied his own delicate ear, that he spoke it like a native. We all remember that his singularly felicitous use of the English was seldom surpassed, even by our best writers; and his clear, distinct utterance only gained impressiveness from the very slight admixture of German accent and depth of tone. In the autumn of 1825, through the kind exertions of Professor Ticknor, Dr. Follen was appointed teacher of German in Harvard University. And here he found a friend always warm and kind in that benignant old man, whose smile fell like sunshine on the paths of old and young, and whom all sons of Harvard loved like a Father. Dr. Follen was full of gratitude to Dr. Kirkland. A class was soon formed in Boston to hear his course of lectures on civil law, which were well received, and were the means of introducing him to an extensive circle of interesting acquaintances.

Over the long career of disappointments, great in the aggregate though petty in the detail, through which our excellent and honored friend was called to pass, we have no heart to follow, profoundly instructive as the account in the Memoir is. It seemed as if the furnace could not be heated too much, in order to refine away the last speck of dross from the pure gold of his disinterestedness. We would review those years of apparently outward failure with not one feeling of reproach, for those who may have seemed too little just or kind, with not one sorrow for the crowd of perplexities and annoyances, which mingled bitterness in a cup brimming over with waters of life; we would recognise in the past only triumph. We would look over this landscape flushed in the sunset, and see only the sparkling river widening as it flows, the highlands and lowlands more picturesque in their varied surface than a level plain, and the mountain summits whose snow peaks mingle with the clouds, which brighten while they veil their tops. To the good

the past is always a triumph, and God's blessing floats over it in an atmosphere of beauty. In all that is best worth living for, growth, peace, love, usefulness, honor, an abiding presence in grateful memories, Charles Follen was crowned with a perfect success.

As an instructor few men have been more honored or beloved. There was an utter absence in Dr. Follen's manner of that primness, stateliness, and assumed authority, which so often chills and dispirits young men. A respectful courtesy softened his every look and tone, and bonhomie and sprightliness awakened feelings of cordial confidence. Here was a friend ready to aid, not an overseer to task. And the very conscientiousness, which made him thorough to teach, kindled a generous emulation in the scholar to be equally faithful to learn. It may be safely said, that no young man ever passed through his classes, without imbibing, as by "moral contagion," self-respect, honorable ambition, and courtesy. To many he gave the key to the richest tongue of modern times, and awakened a desire to explore and work the virgin mines of thought and feeling, which this language opened to them. His introductory discourse, delivered at his inauguration as Professor of German Literature, is a beautiful model of criticism, and well deserved the expression of praise and sympathy, which it called forth from J. Q. Adams, whose words in these days of his glorious fidelity always seem like apples of gold. We refer to the letter on p. 305, vol. I. Of his lectures on the Dramas of Schiller, filled throughout with translations of the finest passages, as poetical as they are accurate, which were first written for the use of the students, but afterwards delivered to the best audiences in Boston and New York, it would be superfluous to speak. They have been too universally admired to need commendation. As a Professor Dr. Follen was entirely successful. He would have found a far more appropriate sphere, however, and one better befitting his genius in the ethical or historical departments, if suitable arrangements could have been made. In 1835, he resigned his office in the college.

Meanwhile these nine years had been eventful ones. He had gathered round a home-altar friends of a spirit so attuned to his, that daily life went up like a hymn of thanksgiving. He had gained the confidence and earnest love of all our noblest-minded men and women. He had assumed his true posi-



tion before the community as a minister of religion ; and last and best, when all the circumstances are considered, he had put the keystone in his dome of a life devoted to liberty, by appearing as the earnest advocate of the rights of the slave. With a few words descriptive of his virtues in these three relations of social, religious, and political life we will conclude this imperfect notice, wishing greatly that we had space to make extracts from his interesting journals and letters.

As a friend, it seems to us, that Dr. Follen was in the only sense in which the word is applicable to human beings, perfect. All who knew him at all saw how perennial was his goodness of heart.

"But," as the memoir beautifully says, "none, but those who lived in the strictest intimacy with him, could know how true he was to his own principles; how he hallowed the meanest occupations, and gave a sanctity and grace to what might be called the drudgery of life, by the love and patience with which he performed every such labor. None, but those who were the objects of his unfailing love, could appreciate the sweetness and fidelity, with which he ministered to the most insignificant, as well as the highest, wants of all who were dependent upon him." — pp. 259, 260.

His treatment of Wit, for example, who was a snake in his bosom, was in the highest style of virtue, first seeking to elevate him; and when finding his faithful efforts fruitless, saying with a smile to those who were anxious to open his eyes to the real character of the traitor, "I know all that you would say; but what will become of him, if we all cast him off and leave him to his folly?" And even when Wit grossly abused him in a pamphlet, he only calmly said, "He is a fool," and never thought of it again. The Memoir is full of illustrations of the tenderness and beauty of his affections, and the genuineness of his disinterested love for good and bad, rich and poor, old and young; but we have no room to quote them. In the beautiful words of his biographer "all the minor and comparatively insignificant cares of life took their right place in his presence; the spirit of complaint stood rebuked before him; joy, a pure joy, full of faith and immortality, pervaded his whole being, and communicated itself to all who had the privilege of living with him." He acted fully out the principle laid down by himself, "He alone is a great man who can say before God, as to personal affairs, I am always inclined to

sacrifice my own pretensions and feelings, to gratify those of others." There was no resisting the charm of his gentle manners, at once so modest and manly; and the simplicity of his kindness had for his acquaintance a sweetness like the fresh innocence of a child. It seemed as if suspicion or prejudice could never for an instant blind him; and with the eye of confidence and sympathy he looked beneath disguises to the goodness vital in the soul. Men felt better in his presence than they had thought themselves to be, and left him animated with new hope.

It was this genuine respect and love for man, which made Dr. Follen so influential as a minister of religion. In his look and tone yet more than in his words, was the expression of a soul which had inspired the airs of the world of peace, and longed to breathe refreshment upon others. The statement of his thoughts was sometimes dry from the scrupulous clearness with which he sought to unfold them; but his manner was always eloquent with an aspiration after goodness that never faltered, a hope that nothing could dim, and a most affecting earnestness and simplicity. He was most successful in his extempore addresses. Then thought seemed pouring out from deep inward stores in language made fluent by his fervor. Occasionally great beauty of fancy played over the surface of his argument. But the essential quality of his style of preaching was clearness and depth of moral conviction. The great themes on which he loved to dwell were "Immortality and Freedom." He felt, to use his own words, as if "there is such a thing as experience of immortality, even in this life," and seemed to regard all men as spirits who had already entered on a career, which would brighten 'from glory to glory' forever; death was to him the mere laying aside of a vesture too small for the expanding soul to wear; and in his earnestness of hope, while he spoke upon this animating topic, "he wist not that his face shone." His genuine faith in human freedom showed itself in his manner of addressing and treating men, yet more than in the high principles he professed and inculcated. He never dogmatized, never demanded assent in his mature years, as he may have done in youth; but appealed to every hearer as the final judge in matters of opinion and of duty. To one who knew the circumstances of his life, it was indeed most apparent, that the wrongs he had personally suffered in his defence of human rights had

awakened in him an habitual reverence for the sacredness of every soul. This gave him his power. He made reason and conscience within each hearer's breast stand at the bar in witness of the truth he taught. He aroused men to do themselves justice, and to learn the wealth of their own experience. But his interest in great convictions and principles did not blind him to the lowly beauties of life. There are sweet touches through his discourses, which show how delicate was his own spiritual sensibility, and how tenderly he could nurture the feeblest flowers of feeling in other hearts. Had he been settled as a pastor, and had an opportunity to attach a people to himself by the invisible threads, fast growing to indissoluble bands of mutual confidences and humble charities, we are sure that he would have been a preacher of the very highest excellence, with a great range of subjects, abundant illustrations drawn from common life, broad good sense, a style of pungent directness, and the unaffected pathos of true affection. Taking even his printed sermons as they are, we think it would not be easy to name many equals and very few superiors to him, as a pulpit orator. In his relation of a religious friend and pastor, it is impossible that he should have been surpassed.

Justice has probably been done to Dr. Follen, as a minister of religion. But our community is hardly yet enough advanced to give him the due meed of respect for his prompt, devoted, and uncompromising advocacy of anti-slavery. The time is nigh, however, when this will be done. The stand he took before the Massachusetts Legislature, in the winter of 1836, at a time when the Attorney-General of the State had declared the opinion, that abolitionists were guilty of an offence against the laws of their country, and were liable to prosecution; when the Governor had allowed himself to seem at least the supporter of this charge; when the wealthy and powerful of the city had arrayed themselves against this small band of persecuted men and women; and when only one or two ministers of his own denomination had come forward in support of justice; was perhaps the noblest act of his life. History has woven this picture with bright colors into the tapestry that hangs the walls of our national temple; and the figure of Follen, firm and meek, stands forever among our heroes and sages. Was it not enough to reward him for all his sufferings in the cause of freedom, thus to have the privilege of leading, like a scarred and trusted veteran, this army of martyrs? Few of



us probably entered into his feelings, or measured the extent of the trial which he saw himself called to bear. An exile, he had found a home; severed from parents and brothers, he had gained friends dear to him as life and dependent upon his exertions; expelled from stations of honorable usefulness in his native land, he had won, though a foreigner, a commanding position here; he was in a situation that promised support for his family, after hard struggles with narrow circumstances in which he had contracted debts; and was gratifying the fondest wish of his heart in becoming a preacher of heavenly truth, in a denomination with whose principles he could sympathize, when he saw it to be his duty to join the anti-slavery society. He took this step not hastily but deliberately, with the distinct knowledge that he was thus destroying all hopes of a permanent connexion with the college, shutting himself out from the friendship of many whom he honored, preventing probably his settlement as a pastor, and raising up a whirlwind of calumny and insult. But for one whose life had been a contest for freedom there was no alternative. Once more he offered all he held dear as a sacrifice to conscience; and a gentle tolerance that nothing could ruffle was the garland with which he decked it.

We have purposely omitted a consideration of Dr. Follen's intellectual and literary character, partly because an adequate criticism and discriminating judgment would require more space than we can rightly occupy; still more, because it might impair the unity of the effect, which his singularly beautiful career, as a teacher by deeds and example, is fitted to produce. His efforts in a literary way were but digressions from the grand moral work, which, under providence and spiritual guidance, he had the honor to accomplish. Neither time nor leisure permitted him to do justice to his intellectual powers among us. And perfect in form, lucid in arrangement, clear in method, graceful and beautiful often in style, instructive from their learning and suggestions as his lectures are, they must be considered but fragmentary, mere indications of the rich veins which he had no opportunity to work. To all his other disappointments was added this sore one for the scholar, that he was forced to fritter away, in constant changes and a routine of multifarious occupations, hours which he longed to consecrate to some grand and worthy composition. But why regret this? He taught a "Moral Philosophy" in the sweet dignity of a gentle, cheerful, loving life, in steady exercise of

a great hope and courage to which all sacrifices were easy. He wrote a "Science of the Soul" on the hearts of constant friends, and chance acquaintance, and the communities he passed through, in lines of sympathy which shall brighten forever.

It is frankly admitted, that this notice of Charles Follen is written in a tone of panegyric which his modest spirit may disapprove; but though there is a form of virtue, yet larger and more beautiful than that he wore, we yet calmly think he was a man entitled to the heartiest praise for earnestness of moral purpose and purity of life; and it is with feelings of grateful reverence that we lay this funeral wreath upon his monument.

W. H. C.

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#### LATIN HYMN.

"Lux ecce surgit aurea."

SEE the golden morning rises,  
Pallid shadows haste away;  
Headlong night no more surprises,—  
Leads no more the steps astray.

Light like this break in and scatter  
Every cloud that shades the soul;  
Nought deceptive may we utter,  
No dark thoughts within us roll.

All day long may truth, presiding  
Over hand and eye and tongue,  
Word and look and action guiding,  
Keep us pure, and make us strong.

When bright Morn with rosy touches  
Lifts the windows of the sky,  
Lo, a witness stands and watches  
All we do with piercing eye.

And when Eve with dewy fingers  
Spreads her veil and clouds the light,  
Still that awful Presence lingers,  
And that eye looks through the night.

L.

## PREACHING.

WE have of late often seen and heard it said, that *Ichabod* is written upon the pulpit, that the days of its power have gone by, that the preacher is fast losing the influence of a living voice, and becoming a mere item of church furniture. It will be admitted on all hands, that the pulpit has ceased by prescriptive right to awe down opposition and to compel assent, — that stupidity can no longer be made infallible, or arrogance supreme, by gown and bands, — that the clergy have lost the power, which they once possessed, of changing by their dictum bitter into sweet, or wrong into right. In the downfall of clerical domination every honest minister, every good Christian must rejoice. It is a happy thing for the Church, that her priestly office can no longer command respect and confidence for those who abuse it, or are unworthy of it. But, in the opinion of many, the pulpit has lost with its factitious importance much of its legitimate efficacy. Many of our most faithful ministers complain that they have not the ear of the people, that negligence and skepticism abound and grow, that a worldly and sensual spirit is fast supplanting Christian faith in the general heart, that the ordinances and institutions of religion are losing their hold upon the strong-minded, the busy, and the active, and retain within their grasp those only, who are too weak to doubt, or too timid to disobey. There seems to exist in many quarters a feeling, that existing forms and modes of administration have done their work, and have become effete, that the age has outgrown preaching and praying, the font, and the holy table. There are those who would substitute the debating club for the church, lay teaching for sermons, tumultuous assemblages, where every man should have his own psalm, and interpretation, and prophecy, for the method and holy beauty of the sanctuary service. We cannot conceal from ourselves the fact, that there is in the community a vague restlessness and agitation, a dissatisfaction with the present, a yearning after novelty, a distaste for the old paths in which the fathers walked. Never was there such a Babel-like confusion of tongues proclaiming, *Lo, here is Christ, and, Lo, there.* Everywhere are men taking their stand by newly dug cisterns, and crying out, *Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the*



*waters.* It concerns those who love the institutions of religion to search and see, whether there be indeed anything to authorize or justify this uneasiness ; whether there be any serious and tangible deficiencies in our religious institutions, or their administration.

But, first, lest we waste our efforts in seeking to apply a remedy where none is needed, it may be well for us to ascertain to our satisfaction where the fault does not lie.

The fault does not lie, as we think, with the clerical office in itself considered. So long as men recognise each other as social beings, and meet to strengthen and encourage each other in every good cause and enterprise, they will meet for public worship and religious instruction. So long as the services of religion demand mind as well as heart, they will need more diligent preparation, than one immersed in secular care and business can bestow. He, who on one day in the seven would take of the deep things of God, and show them to his brethren, must, for the remaining six days, be much alone in earnest communion with the divine word and its Author. Moreover, while we admit that *Holiness to the Lord* ought to be inscribed on the counting-room and the workshop, on men's tools and their merchandise, yea, as saith the prophet, on *the very bells of the horses*, this state of things does not yet exist in any part of Christendom. In the present mixed and imperfect condition of society, there are some associations cleaving to almost every department of secular business, there are collisions of interest and feeling, jostlings in the market-place and the forum, to which the best of men are liable, which would interfere with general edification, and detract from the calm and solemn dignity of religious services, were they conducted by citizens from the common walks of life.

Then, again, an order of men, set apart for religious purposes, enjoy a point of view eminently favorable for the observation of society, and for the moral criticism of life and manners ; a position a little remote from the arena of active life is essential to a clear perspective. The clergy indeed have their own weaknesses and faults ; but they are not those of the merchant, the mechanic, or the politician. Where these err and are blind, the clergyman, from his peculiar position, will be likely to see clearly, and may thus be able to hold up before them the mirror of gospel truth, and to show them their own moral features. But men from the busy walks of life, by their com-

mon liabilities and temptations, are rendered blind to each other's faults, and cannot hold up to each other the true mirror. A distinct clerical profession is peculiarly necessary in a country, swept, as ours perpetually is, by whirlwinds of excitement and infatuation, amidst which the clergy alone retain a charmed indemnity. When, a few years ago, the mania of overtrading and mad speculation passed like wild fire from city to town, from town to village, filling the land with broken obligations and shattered hopes, the mechanic deserted his workshop and the laborer his spade, the merchant left the paths of legitimate enterprise, the farmer bartered his paternal acres for estates as unsubstantial as his own shadow, — the clergy alone remained unscathed, at once to rebuke the reckless hurry to be rich, and to show the finger of a retributive providence in the loss and misery that ensued. So too, when, at a later date, political jealousy and hatred poisoned the fountains of social feeling, when vast masses of men overran the country as the torch-bearers of mutual alienation and strife, by whom but by the clergy was there lifted a pacific voice, saying, *sirs, ye are brethren, — why wrong ye one another?* These are specimens of the many subjects and occasions, on which the clergy are the only disinterested and impartial lookers on, and thus alone have the power to rebuke excess, to reclaim from error, to infuse the great principles of forbearance and rectitude.

We next remark that there is nothing worthy a reasonable man's complaint, in the religious forms of our New England churches generally. It is sometimes said that our forms have become dead. We have yet to learn that they were ever alive, and therefore capable of death. Forms are simply the relation, which religion bears to time and space. They are merely the *πρὸς τὸν* of the living spirit. Their only office is to separate, by accessory circumstances of deep solemnity, a sufficient portion of time and space from common to sacred uses. What they do beyond this (except among the grossly uncultivated and sensual) cramps and cripples, instead of aiding the spirit of devotion, which demands freedom to seek out its own channels, and to breathe its own spontaneous utterances from man to God and from God to man. Those, who are over curious with regard to form, who deem a new genuflexion to mark a new era, who look upon some untried mode of singing or praying as a new gate to heaven, however they may make parade of spirituality, betray a bond-

age to beggarly elements, which befits the babe in Christ rather than the master in Israel. Our congregational forms, when appropriately observed, separate and sanctify as much of time and space as is needed for public and social worship; and we prize them, because they do no more than this, because they are dead, and because, being dead, they are flexible, and not stiff enough to seem alive and to stand of themselves, like the armor of the Knights of old.

We are not then to ascribe aught that we may regret in the posture of the times to the ministry, as an institution, or to our accustomed forms of worship. Let us now inquire wherein the preaching of the word has been and is deficient and faulty.

1. Preaching has been too technical. A great deal of harm has been done by technical phraseology in religion. The Bible has been interpreted in very much the same way, in which lawyers interpret a statute book. The attempt has been, not so much to reach the actual purpose of the prophet, apostle, or evangelist, and to enter into his feelings and spirit, as to determine what construction the mere words taken one by one, will literally bear,—what meaning can be tortured out of every separate clause, or sentence. Now the language of any particular writing ought to be interpreted in the spirit, in which it was used by the writer. He, who draws up a legal document, uses technical phrases, assigns a precise and strictly circumscribed signification to every word, says nothing poetically, uses neither metaphor, hyperbole, nor the language of excited feeling. But no one can imagine that John, Paul, and Peter wrote thus, that they attached peculiar and technical significations to the words that they used, and weighed every phrase in the scale of scholastic logic. No. They wrote on subjects, on which they felt most deeply, and their words fell warm from their hearts. Their writings were the simple outflow of full souls,—the story of him whom they most fervently loved, their fatherly exhortations and warnings to their spiritual children, their expressions of glad amazement at the new light which had broken in upon their minds through the teaching of Jesus. They wrote in a style wholly unartificial, often highly figurative; and their writings should be interpreted with these facts in view. But theologians and preachers have taken everything literally. Where St. Paul has indulged in a metaphor, they have found in it a new doctrine. Where John pours



out in burning words a love too deep for utterance, they have cooled down the glowing page into an icy mass of school divinity. Where Peter with vivid eloquence points to the crucified Redeemer as the world's exemplar, they have moulded the vivid features of the picture into a cold dogmatic statement of this or that theology of the atonement. It is thus that have grown up those orthodox and heterodox bodies of divinity, (aptly termed *bodies*, as being utterly destitute of *soul*,) of whose gaunt skeleton forms we may well say, *the letter killeth*. This anatomizing style of writing and of preaching has not been refrained from, even on subjects appertaining to the most recondite portions and elements of man's inward experience. The process of regeneration has been described with a minute precision, as if it were a process in mechanics. That spirit of the Infinite God, whose visitings are like the viewless wind, has been weighed, and measured, and stretched upon the Procrustes-bed of polemic divinity. That life of God within the soul, which through a wide diversity of gifts and operations may breathe the same spirit, has been narrowed down and rounded off to one unvarying shape and mould. That fervent piety, whose depths of love and devotion God alone can fathom, has had the line and the compass stretched over it, and the lead of shallow speculation dropped into it, till men have learned to look upon it as something petty, mechanical, and grovelling, the work of a moment, and the occupant of some little corner of the soul.

This technical style of preaching has done much to deprive the pulpit of its interest, and of its hold upon strong and fervent, nay, in some instances, upon truly religious minds. Nor have we, who have abjured the complex creeds of past times, altogether escaped these tendencies. In denying those very creeds, we are prone to throw our negations in a dogmatic and technical form, while we too often discuss the great principles of truth and righteousness, as if they were doctrines that admitted of strict logical statement and definition. Now, in the sense in which the word *doctrine* is commonly used, we do not believe that the gospel teaches any *doctrines*, that is, we do not believe that there are any religious truths or principles, which our Master or his apostles intended that the Church should propound in set propositions, such as could be numbered or placed in array in a written creed. On the other hand, the great principles of the gospel, though simple and easy to be understood,

by their vastness and depth defy the subtle distinction and limitations of our grovelling logic, — they cannot be comprehended in single sentences ; but, for the full illustration of the least of them, we might say in St. John's artless hyperbole, "The world could not contain the books which should be written."

The object of Christ's mission was not to create a system, but to reveal the actual state and the eternal laws of the spiritual universe, — to open glimpses of a larger and higher sphere of being, than man had known before, — to introduce man to his unseen Father and his forgotten brethren. Not dogmatic statement, but manifestation, exhibition, was the work of his ministry. This we have in himself even more than in his words. He shows us in his own person more than he tells us of the Father. He, who should barely read his words as disconnected sayings, would know God but imperfectly. He, who sees Jesus, and feels the power and beauty of his life and character, has seen the Father. One might read the Sermon on the Mount, and rise to question and to cavil ; — one cannot faithfully trace the mortal pilgrimage of Jesus, without knowing the mind of God and the spirit of heaven. The life of Jesus and the character of the revelation through him are well described by himself, when he says to Nathaniel, "Thou shalt see the heavens opened, and the angels of God ascending and descending." In him was revealed and displayed to men that spiritual world, which indeed had always compassed their path and their lying down, but their eyes had been holden so that they could not see it. This world Jesus sometimes describes verbally, as he unfolds its laws, portrays its life, or invites to the contemplation of its joys. Sometimes by a single miracle, or an act of Godlike love, he parts the cloud as by a flash of lightning, and opens to us a deep, searching glance into the inmost recesses of the spirit-land. Then again by a word of power, by a commanding gesture, he brings that unseen world unspeakably near ; and those, who live with God, talk with him on the mountain, leave the grave at his call, watch by him in his agony. While thus with every word and act he varies our prospect of the unseen and eternal world, in his own person there still beam on in tranquil glory the traits of the divine image, unchangeable indeed, but to our vision ever new, because exhaustless. These revelations, and the outward facts which stamp them with the Deity's own signet, — facts, which themselves are glimpses of everlasting truth, — these are the

subject-matter of pulpit exhibition and discussion. Rich and glorious as they are, let them not be shrunken and discolored by cold and rigid technicality. Let them be set forth, not with the formal precision of scientific statement, but with the glow and fervor, with which eye and ear witnesses must have talked of them, — with an earnestness of spirit, which the love of Jesus alone can inspire, — with a fond enthusiasm, which hinges upon the faintest traces of his footsteps, and can always find something new in every varied aspect of his character. Let Christ and him crucified be preached with the freedom of a full heart, not by the slaves of system, but by those “who follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.”

2. Another deficiency in preaching, and one that has produced much restlessness and dissatisfaction in the religious world, is the spirit of compromise and accommodation, which has to a great degree characterized the modern pulpit. The preached word has not held up the one unvarying standard, which the pages of the gospel present; but has adapted itself with far too great facility to the prejudices, passions, and prevailing iniquities of the times. The charge has been made from hostile sources, that the clergy are exceedingly bold in attacking such sins as do not exist in their respective congregations, but full of complaisance for the transgressions of those on whom they depend for support. This charge we repel as malicious, cruel, and in the main false. As we trace the history of the pulpit from Chrysostom downwards, as we pass in review the names of preachers of every denomination whom we have heard and known, we cannot but admire the moral courage, the fidelity, the self-sacrifice, with which the word has been and is dispensed, the readiness with which very many of the dead and of the living have preferred persecution and obloquy to concealment of the truth as it is in Jesus, and the promptness with which the clergy have led the van in most of the great moral revolutions and movements of these latter days. But we may be warned and instructed by an enemy; and it cannot be denied that there is a basis, slight though it be, for the slander just quoted. We do not believe that the clergy as a body are chargeable with suppressing what they should utter from motives of selfishness; but their social relations and feelings too often indispose them for the language of rebuke, and make them backward to inflict that salutary pain, that healing sorrow, which the faithful preaching of the word may



cause. Sympathy with the many and splendid virtues of truly worthy men, and gratitude for their devotedness to the Church and their fidelity in most things, make it hard for the preacher to say to such men, "yet one thing thou lackest." Thus, while the secular arm, when it wielded the most deadly power of persecution, could never silence the pulpit with regard to sins out of the Church; such sins as could get a foothold within the Church have been too easily dealt with. Preaching has always been addressed too exclusively to the impenitent, rather than to those professing godliness. The effort has been rather to raise the world to the standard of the Church, than to bring the Church to the stature of the perfect in Christ Jesus. Conversion has not indeed been labored for too much, but sanctification has been insisted on too little. Jesus has, ever since the Reformation, been set forth as the justifier of the penitent; but it has been recently announced from some of the high places in the Church as a new discovery, that Jesus is the Sanctifier.

There is no sin with regard to which the clergy are so blind or unfaithful, as avarice. This has been the evil demon of the Church; and, though it cannot find seven other spirits more wicked than itself, it has taken with it such evil company as it could into the sacred enclosure, and has for the most part found undisturbed abode there. This is the all-pervading sin of Christendom, — the root of all other evil. This is the great source of slavery and oppression. From this come wars and fightings. This feeds the flames of the distillery. This condemns its thousands all over our land to a routine of labor that knows no sabbath. This daily crucifies the Saviour among his false-professing followers, by violating every feature of the spirit in which he lived and died. Other vices the clergy boldly and manfully attack; this they are wont to leave unrebuked in the holy place, "the abomination of desolation, standing where it ought not." But in attacking other sins, they lop off only the leaves and twigs of the tree, whose root still lives. The axe must be fearlessly laid to the root of the tree. It was not without leaving us an example that Jesus drove the money-changers from the temple. They must be driven from the Church, or else the Church cannot arise and shine, and show herself the spotless bride of the Redeemer. The clergy cannot wholly free themselves from the charge of compromising between the gospel and their hearers, till they have made the phrase, "a

covetous Christian," or "an avaricious Christian," as palpably a contradiction in terms, as "a blasphemous Christian," or "a licentious Christian," nay, till they have made it as impossible for a grasping, overreaching, miserly man to maintain an outward Christian standing, as it is for the drunkard or the debauchee.

There is one way in which mistaken benevolence on the part of the clergy has led to much of the spirit of accommodation and compromise, of which we are now speaking. There is no more just moral distinction, than that suggested by the familiar line,

"Not what we *wish*, but what we *want*."

Preachers have too often mistaken men's wishes for their wants, — their unsanctified tastes for their spiritual yearnings; and, in honestly striving to meet the latter, have catered for the former. They have given, too generally, the impression, that men may have what preaching they desire. And hence there is no desire so wild, no taste so diseased, no whim so absurd, as not to seek and expect, nay, to find its gratification in the pulpit. At one time, people grow weary of close and pungent appeals to the moral nature, and demand that the judgment alone be addressed; and forthwith the cry goes forth among their spiritual teachers, that it is vain and useless to preach to the affections, and that the heart can be reached only through the intellect. Then perhaps a fit of sickly sentimentality passes over society, and summons the clergy, ever ready to obey, to cease addressing the reason, and to preach only in strains of melting pathos, or of passionate excitement. Then again a cry (a Macedonian cry, as it has been fashionable to say) comes from some quarter for a less strict dispensation of the word than has been enjoyed, for preaching that will bear but lightly upon avocations or amusements, which others have, perhaps too intemperately, denounced. The call is at once responded by good men, who too easily persuade themselves, that, by leaving the wounded conscience to become scarred over, by letting doubtful callings and indulgences go unmeddled with, by becoming all things to all men, they may save some; whereas the true avenue to the hearts of any community is through the thorough and faithful handling of the points upon which the public conscience is already roused.

Thus also the grounds, on which religion bases its claims and its appeals, are made to shift from time to time with the

current of popular feeling, as a sandbar changes with the tide, instead of remaining the same forever, as a rock against which the storm beats and the ocean dashes in vain. Thus, when the tendencies of the times are mechanical and utilitarian, Christianity is defended mainly on utilitarian grounds; and we have heard it advocated in terms, which seemed to imply that its highest office was to bake men's bread, and clothe them, and to build them houses. This mode of defence is adapted only to deepen and to make more intense the groveling utilitarianism which demands it; and if it draws any nominal disciples, it can draw only such as those, to whom Jesus said, "Ye seek me, not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves, and were filled." Then again, there prevails, as there has of late in some quarters, an unwillingness to receive truth on trust, even on the strongest testimony that God can give. The defenders of the faith are too ready to meet this phasis also of the public mind. They go to those whose consciences are too tender to resign themselves to the guidance of Jesus, and say, "We ask you not to believe in Jesus, because he came from heaven and wrought miracles. But try what he says by your own good sense. See how many things he has uttered, which need not be strained very much to make them correspond entirely with your philosophy. If you will consider his teachings in connexion with the times in which he lived, you can hardly resist the conviction that, had he enjoyed the light of these latter days, his views on all subjects would have been very much what yours are." We have burned with indignation at hearing and reading such apologies for the gospel. Charles Elwood, a work well known to many of our readers, might be cited as a specimen of this tone of writing and of preaching. In this we see Christianity bowing and cringing, making apologies and concessions to Infidelity, who at first turns upon her coldly and cavalierly, but at length, soothed by flattery, consents to forgive her, and shake hands with her. Now this mode of defending Christianity is the very way to make infidels; for it cherishes that unfilial, arrogant spirit, that evil heart of unbelief, without which all the arguments and objections of skepticism are powerless.

These illustrations must suffice for this head. In our view, the times, so far from demanding of the preacher a spirit of compromise, demand more than ever a close, uncompromising adherence to the true grounds and the true spirit of the gospel.



Now that novelty treads on the heels of novelty, and the recent is already old on account of the multitude of things yet newer, we peculiarly need the gospel as an unchanging landmark and point of support, as a standard that shall be neither stretched nor warped. Society, in its mottled surface and tumultuous heaving, resembles the storm-lifted ocean. Shall the gospel dance about upon the waves, like lights upon a phantom-ship, to beguile the mariner to shipwreck and ruin? Or shall it beam, as from a rock-founded Pharos, far and wide over the troubled sea, a star of good omen and of hope? God himself has answered this question, in that he has made *his* "Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." But there remains for the professed ministers of Jesus a solemn question. Shall they launch out on the deep and hoist their phantom-lights; or shall they abide by the eternal beacon-fire, and feed its flame?

In what we have said, we by no means deny that the faithful minister must study and meet men's real wants. Next to the gospel, the necessities of the human heart should be his chosen and constant study. But what or how he shall preach, let him see that he ask of God, and not of man. He is the servant of his brethren in the gospel, and not out of it. It behooves those who would acquit themselves as true men in the work of the ministry, to hear the word of God to his ancient prophet, "Let them return unto thee; but return not thou unto them. And I will make thee unto this people a fenced brazen wall, and thou shalt stand before me, and thou shalt be as my mouth."

3. Once more, the preaching of the gospel has failed to effect all that it ought, because it has been preached with too little faith. We read in the Old Testament, that when the ark was on its way to the city of David, a timid attendant lifted his hand to save it from falling. The hand dropped in the palsy of death; the ark moved on unharmed. Doubt always paralyzes. He who trembles for the ark, might as well cry among the tombs, as preach to living men; nay, he had far better hold his peace; for the spirit of trembling is contagious, and the fearful preacher makes a skeptical congregation. Skepticism betrays itself in the pulpit in various ways. Sometimes it is alarmed for the gospel itself. Seeing iniquity abound and the love of many wax cold, it fears lest the gates of hell may prevail against the Church, forgetting that from a Church, that

could be gathered in "a large upper room," went forth the power, before which old things passed away, and all things became new. Others doubt particular precepts or principles of the gospel, such as those of peace and forbearance, of love unfeigned and of an unworldly temper; and seeing that these principles have no hold upon the popular heart, they are ever ready to account the expression of them by Jesus mere Eastern metaphor or hyperbole. But was his life a metaphor? Was his loving, forgiving, self-sacrificing spirit a hyperbole? Or was it in the language of Oriental exaggeration that he said, "I gave you an example that ye might do as I have done?" Others who preach the word believe the external facts of the gospel, and the leading features of the gospel economy, but are deficient in spiritual faith. They believe in a state of retribution beyond the grave; but not in that retribution of good and evil, which is going on at all times in the human soul, and which death only consummates and makes manifest. They believe in the obligation of outward duty; but hardly know whether there be any holy spirit. They believe in forms; but as to regeneration, they are ready to ask with Nicodemus, "How can a man be born when he is old?" They believe in a kingdom of heaven, in which there shall be golden streets and jasper walls; but not in that kingdom of God which is within.

The preacher of the word must, above all things, have faith. He needs a firm historical faith; a faith which not only sees the intrinsic worth of the gospel, and discerns its coincidence with the law and the spirit of heaven; but which beholds its foundations upon earth so deeply laid by the divine hand, that it must abide and grow, while the world endures. He needs a deep, awe-stricken sense of the various modes, in which the arm of the Lord has been revealed. He needs an immovable conviction of the constraining authority of Jesus, of his authentication as a teacher, of his right to be implicitly believed and obeyed, in fine, of those facts with reference to his mission, to which the works that the Father gave him to do can alone bear adequate testimony. This well grounded historical faith will make him of good courage, as he preaches the word of the kingdom, and will raise him above the bondage of fear, when foes abound and friends wax cold or fickle. This faith will also prepare him to receive all that Jesus taught, all that he was, as divine and infallible. He, who thus regards the teachings

and the life of Jesus, will own allegiance to the law and spirit of the gospel on subjects, on which its testimony has been suppressed for ages; and thus will belong to the ranks of reform and progress. But he, who does not thus repose on the authority of Christ, will be too prone to rest satisfied with the religion of the Church as it is, instead of striving to raise it more nearly to the standard of the gospel.

But most of all the preacher needs a spiritual faith, — a faith of experience, of insight, of personal knowledge, — that faith which gives substance to things hoped for, and felt reality to things not seen. Jesus, when on earth, spake of himself as in the bosom of the Father. He dwelt not in the world of sight; but in that which is unseen and eternal. There, with him, must his faithful preacher dwell. He must be even now a citizen of heaven, — must “have passed from death unto life.” He must hear the voice of God in nature and in Providence. He must trace the spiritual in the outward, the unseen in the seen. The truths appertaining to the inward life must be to him subjects of consciousness, portions of his own personal history. God’s law of retribution he must know from his own self-chastening and humiliation for sin, and from the peace of “God that justifieth” shed abroad in his heart through the faithful discharge of duty. The efficacy of prayer he must know from having felt it. The regenerating spirit of God he must recognise from its power over his own heart. Jesus he must know not simply as the greatest personage in human history; but a “Christ formed within” must reflect the features of the evangelic record. The kingdom of heaven he must see as established in his own heart, as built up in the beauty of holiness in his own life. He must be able to say, as to all things that admit of being so verified, “I speak that I do know, and testify that I have seen.” Through him who has this faith the word will be quick and powerful. His doctrine will drop as the rain, his speech will distil as the dew, making the waste places of the human heart to blossom and bear fruit, bringing up, “instead of the thorn, the fir tree, and instead of the briar, the myrtle.”

In what we have now said, we have been actuated by no censorious spirit. We have spoken of tendencies, against which we ourselves have struggled, of wants which we ourselves have felt. We have unburdened ourselves of various doubts and questionings, as to the signs of the times, which



have rested heavily upon us. Indeed there are many things in the present aspect of the Church, which would utterly dishearten us, did we not believe that God loves his own cause better than we can love it. But knowing this, we rest assured, that the gospel cannot fail, or the Church die. His promise stands recorded for all generations, "I will be a wall of fire round about her, and will be a glory in the midst of her."

A. P. P.

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### ST. PAUL'S EPISTLES.

ARCHBISHOP Whately has said very wisely, that "there appears to be a remarkable analogy between the treatment to which Paul was himself exposed during his personal ministry on earth, and that which his works have met with since. Paul may be said to stand, in his works, as he did in person while on earth, in the front of the battle; to bear the chief brunt of assailants from the enemies' side, and to be treacherously stabbed by false friends on his own; degraded and vilified by one class of heretics, perverted and misinterpreted by another, and too often most unduly neglected by those, who are regarded as orthodox. And still do his works stand, and will ever stand, as a mighty bulwark of the true Christian faith."

Our community of Liberal Christians are not liable to the charge of perverting the meaning of the Pauline Epistles by any Pharisaic superstitions or Antinomian heresies. Our danger is, that we may neglect their study or undervalue their importance. Several causes have led us into this danger.

In the first place, the high value which we attach to morality, or good works, has sometimes given us a distaste for writings which seem to attach such paramount importance to faith; an objection which rests upon the assumption, that the faith advocated by the apostle is anything opposed to those firm principles and earnest affections, that are the only motives to truly good works.

A similar objection to Paul's Epistles has sprung from the general use of his phraseology in the Calvinistic creeds. Paul's language has been so constantly associated with Calvin-

istic notions of Atonement, Original Sin, and Regeneration, that for fear of calling up wrong ideas in the minds of their hearers, our preachers have too generally neglected to use Paul's language in illustrating their discourses, and to lead their people through those states of mind and those views of truth, which Paul has stated with such power over the great mass of the Christian world.

From these reasons, as well as from the intrinsic difficulties of the case, both preachers and people have been fond of calling attention away from the Epistles to the Gospels, and of sheltering their ignorance or indifference under the remark of the Apostle Peter, that in the epistles of our beloved brother Paul are "some things hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstable do wrest unto their own destruction." But, without saying anything of Peter's little sympathy with Paul, before we shelter ourselves under this text we must remember, that the wrong use of the epistles is attributed to the unlearned and unstable, — a class of persons which we ought not to be in; and moreover, that Peter does not confine such danger of abuse merely to the epistles, but extends it to the whole of the Scriptures; — "which they that are unlearned and unstable do wrest, as they do also the other Scriptures, to their own destruction."

Perhaps the most cogent objection to a constant and careful study of the Epistles lies in their supposed opposition, or, at least, great inferiority, to the Gospels. This objection leads us directly to the first point of our discussion, the relation of the Epistles of Paul to the other parts of the New Testament.

I. Their connexion with the Book of the Acts is sufficiently obvious. They give us a view of the inward thought and feelings of the personage, whose outward history constitutes the chief portion of that book; and they make us acquainted with the inward life of the churches whose origin is there described. Without dwelling upon the relation of Paul's Epistles to the subsequent parts of the New Testament, let us consider their bearing upon the Gospels.

I apprehend that an invidious inferiority is attached to the Epistles in reference to the Gospels from the fact, that the word "Gospels" carries with it the idea that the books so designated must contain the whole of gospel-truth. Yet strictly a part of gospel-truth is stated by the Evangelists merely in embryo, and looked to future events for its develop-

ment and explanation. Instead of invidiously contrasting the Gospels with the Acts and Epistles, we ought to contemplate them as parts of a connected whole ; and as the promise of the Comforter, made by our Lord and given in such touching language in the Gospel of John, was fulfilled in the foundation of the Apostolic Church, as recorded in the Acts and frequently implied in the Epistles, so the whole import of Christianity was shown in actual development after the time to which the gospel narratives refer. Christ himself expressly declares that the revelation made before his death was not complete, and left his disciples to be enlightened in due time as to the nature of his kingdom by the gift which he promised them. "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit when he, the Spirit of Truth, is come, he shall guide you into all truth." Obviously the bearing of our Lord's death and resurrection were not understood, until these events actually took place, and after their Master's departure gave the apostles full opportunity to reflect calmly upon all the circumstances of his mission, and to receive those aids which he had promised them.

The Epistles of Paul contain a view of Christian doctrine from an apostle who, apart from any claims to infallibility, brought the highest spirituality of character and the rarest intellectual gifts to the work ; and from his position so near to Christ and so conversant with the other apostles, he was able to survey fully all the facts of the Christian revelation, without being misled by those prejudices, which the gradual dawning of gospel light was so slow in removing from the minds of the other apostles. Were we to view Paul merely as an intelligent man suddenly converted to Christianity from Judaism, ardent to form clear ideas of the faith he had adopted, and to convert the Gentiles with the Jews, and to purify the Church, great interest must be attached to his writings. And when we add to his natural qualifications for his work the evidence of his miraculous conversion, and of his personal communion with the glorified Saviour, we must certainly accord to him, not indeed infallibility, but all needful light upon the leading truths of that religion, of which he was chosen by Heaven to be the most illustrious and successful preacher.

The Gospels indeed contain the great facts of Christianity, yet they do not give a full statement of the bearing of these facts upon human feeling and conduct, nor do they set forth



Christian doctrine as a compact whole, as for the guidance of those who are beginning to lead a religious life. It has been well said that "Christ did not come to *make* a revelation so much as to be the *subject* of a revelation. He *accomplished* what he left his Apostles to testify and explain." This view will be allowed just, even by those who disagree with us in our estimate of the value of the Epistles, since they claim liberty for themselves to judge fully and freely of the bearing of the facts of the Gospels; whereas we would accord great authority to the judgment of Paul.

If it is said that Paul must be ranked below the twelve Apostles, who had been witnesses of the great events in our Lord's life, we reply that, as having been with Christ after the resurrection, he must be considered as a witness of that great event, and that not only did he do and suffer more than the twelve, but that the claim which he makes of having received the truth in an interview with Christ must save him from being unfavorably contrasted with any of his associates.

Paul's view of Christianity is certainly more broad and liberal than that taken by the other Apostles, excepting John. He was the first to set forth fully the equality of Christian privilege between Gentile and Jew, and to develop in a decided doctrinal system the spirituality which all our Lord's teachings exhibit, but which even the most spiritual of the Evangelists does not endeavor to set forth in its doctrinal applications.

Perhaps a parallel between Paul, and John the Evangelist, would be the simplest mode of illustrating the peculiarities of the Epistles. "In John," says Olshausen, "the intuitive faculty, or in the best sense of the word *gnosis*, may be regarded as the peculiar element; his whole turn of mind was reflective, contemplative, his soul receptive, all eyes, as it were, to behold the eternal ideas of truth; outward action was not his sphere; the flower of his life was prophecy. Paul presents an entirely different picture. Although not naturally deficient in the intuitive perception of divine things, he yet exhibits a mode of treating religion different from that of John, the dialectic or logical, in which acuteness of understanding, aiming at definite conceptions of ideas, predominates. By this dialectical faculty Paul became the founder of a sharply defined doctrinal phraseology, and the father of theology in the Christian church."

Olshausen further remarks that Paul's letters may be con-

sidered as the crown of the New Testament canon. "Whilst each Gospel has its necessary supplement in the others, but all as a whole form the root of the New Testament, and the Apostolic history forms, as it were, the trunk, which unites the root with the crown of the tree, without laying claim to any independent dogmatic significance, the broad development of Christianity in Paul spreads forth like branches on all sides the rays of his inner life. He was the first, in whom not indeed the personality of our Lord, but yet his spirit, confided to the Church, displayed itself at least as much as is possible in one man, in a universality, which enabled him by the power of this Holy Spirit so to develop in doctrine and life the essence of Christianity, that he stands almost alone the Apostle of the Gospels. What appears in the Evangelists folded in the bud, and indeed in the first three Gospels, shows a leaning towards Judaism, is broadly and freely expanded in Paul, and partly in a form so strictly didactic, as in the Epistles to the Romans and the Galatians, that his views commend themselves to thinking minds by the power of analysis, as well as to susceptible natures by the glow of inspiration which they evince."

II. In speaking of Paul as the Apostle to the Gentiles, as well as the systematic expositor of Christian doctrine, we have not only treated of the relation sustained by his Epistles to the Gospels, but have anticipated the second branch of the subject, their temporary and local bearings. At first view, indeed, it would seem as if their chief importance were of a local and temporary character. Addressed to particular churches in reference to their peculiar circumstances, wants, and dangers, and some of them addressed merely to individuals, and referring to the Apostle's personal friendships, the Epistles are so strongly marked by temporary and local allusions, that not a few readers have turned from them in despair of drawing from them any universal truths. Yet rightly viewed, even the minuter references to times and places will be found to have a lasting value, to give some interesting traits in the Apostle's character, to furnish some clue to early Christian history, and more generally to illustrate some doctrine or principle of the gospel. Passing by the lesser references, we will consider the leading reference which the Epistles bear to the age in which they were written, and the people to whom they were addressed.

It was the divine mission of Paul to apprehend the gospel

in its universality, and free from Jewish narrowness, to preach it to the nations as the religion of the human race. All the circumstances of his position and experience fitted him for his high calling. Called to preach a religion, originating in Judea, to the people of Greece and Rome, his birth in Tarsus gave him a Roman birthright, which enabled him to understand the genius of the Roman people; and the high Greek culture prevalent at Tarsus doubtless aided him in addressing to the Grecian mind the faith, which his Jewish parentage and education had qualified him to understand in its Jewish connexions, and which his conversion by a risen, immortal, and therefore spiritual Saviour, had unfolded to his mind in its fulness and universality. He preached the gospel in its breadth and depth against Jewish narrowness, Pagan idolatry, and Oriental mysticism. The allusions, however, to Pagan and Oriental errors do not mark his Epistles so strongly, as the reference to Jewish exclusiveness. His constant fear is, that his Gentile converts will not receive the gospel in its simplicity and power, but will be held in bondage by the law, as he constantly accuses the Jewish converts of being. Alike in its bearing upon Jews and Gentiles, he aims in his principal Epistles, especially the Romans and Galatians, to urge the great essential principle of the gospel, justification not by works of the law, but by faith. Upon this principle Paul's principal thought seems to have been bestowed, and upon the proper interpretation of his meaning the most important part of controversial theology in ages since has turned.

Paul's own experience must furnish a key to his ardor upon this point. Himself delivered from bondage to a minute ritual law by converse with an immortal being, who had been raised in glory after a death upon the cross; and exalted to a new spiritual life by this event, and his own antecedent preparation and subsequent reflection and experience, what more natural than that the Apostle should constantly urge the doctrine of faith in that divine being, whose death had dissolved all dreams of an earthly Messianic Kingdom, and whose resurrection had established the spiritual nature of his reign, and the spiritual character of his religion? He himself found peace of mind, not by complying with any minute precepts of the law, not even by following the letter of the moral code, but by communion with one in whom perfect righteousness had been revealed in the life, and living faith in whom must ever impart a spirit, that



would be the strongest motive to duty, and highest consolation in sorrow and in view of death. "Wherefore being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom also we have access by faith into this grace, wherein we stand and rejoice in the hope of the glory of God." This passage from the Romans gives the burden of Paul's Epistles, and the central principle of his theology.

It is common to connect with the doctrine of justification by faith the dogma of vicarious atonement by the death of Christ. Yet Paul evidently attaches more importance to the resurrection than to the death of Christ. There are indeed strong expressions in his Epistles in reference to the efficacy of the blood of Christ; such as "being justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him." Yet the very next passage ascribes greater importance to the resurrection; "much more being reconciled we shall be saved by his life."

It is very obvious that the death of Christ being the most startling fact in his history, and one which would be particularly urged upon the attention of the first Christians by the scoffs of their adversaries, as well as by its connexion with the resurrection, would form the central point of their system; and all the influences, that had flowed from the gospel, would thus be associated with the death and resurrection of its divine founder. The idea of propitiating divine favor by immolation of victims is indeed found to prevail among all early nations, and to have a place in the Jewish faith. Yet there is nothing in the Old Testament which sanctions the idea, that the blood of victims would propitiate divine favor, apart from a devout spirit. Nor does Paul make any assertions to warrant us in believing, that the death of Christ will have any effect upon our salvation, apart from the moral influence which it exerts upon our souls, — the new life given by the Divine Comforter after our Lord's ascension.

When we consider the state of mind to which Paul addressed his views of justification by faith, and reconciliation by the blood of Christ, the reason of his urgency is very obvious. The Roman and Galatian churches were cramped by Jewish prejudices, and it was especially important to urge upon them that faith in a crucified Saviour, which must dispel Jewish exclusiveness, and call both Gentile and Jew to put their trust in one, who by his death had been exalted to a spiritual glory above all earthly distinctions. In an important local, temporal

sense the death of Christ was the means of breaking down all partition walls, and calling Gentile as well as Jew to the privileges of a heavenly adoption.

Even if we take the strongest passages in the Epistle to the Hebrews, whose authorship is so questionable, and form our opinions upon that, the common doctrine of vicarious atonement cannot be substantiated. This Epistle is a special argument to the Jews; and whilst it illustrates the gospel by Jewish rites and symbols, and urges especially the doctrine of Christ's death as the consummation of sacrifice, and his resurrection as entering into the Holy of Holies, it contains no views inconsistent with our doctrine of Christ's death, as an exhibition of sacrificing love, and leading to a revelation of immortal life. In fact the writer of the Hebrews urges its moral significance as we do, when he calls upon all with "boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by this new and living way which he hath consecrated for us;" "provoking each other to love and to good works."

We might go on and speak of some other points in Paul's Epistles kindred to those already mentioned, and also consider his views of Christ and the future state, by reference to their temporary and local bearings. But we must now turn to the third point in our discussion, — the bearing of the Epistles upon the faith and practice of the Church in all ages.

III. As a historical fact, it is undeniable that the Epistles of Paul have had more influence upon controversial theology than any other parts of Scripture. Three considerations will account for this. In the first place, Paul alone of the sacred writers attempts to give us a system of theological doctrine, and to state the facts and principles of the gospel in their logical connexions. In the second place, he treats the whole subject of religion in a way especially adapted to meet the wants of those who are beginning, and leading others to begin a religious life, herein differing from the other Epistles, whose aim is not so much conversion as sanctification. In the third place, Paul's labors, as well as his turn of mind, have made him eminently the Apostle and theologian of the whole western world.

He has been the guiding spirit of western, as John has been of oriental theology. Menzel says beautifully, that "the soul is the inward paradise out of which the four sacred streams flow into the world. The first fountain is opened in the senses,

the second in the will, the third in the feeling, and the fourth in thought." He maintains that in the development of our race each of these streams flows to a peculiar geographical region. The senses to the south, feeling to the east, will to the north, and thought to the west. If such be the case, then, European civilization, so blended of western and northern influences, must be strongly characterized by the predominance of thought and will. Certainly we and our European kinsmen do abound in thought and will, and so far are ready to sympathize more heartily with the Apostle, who unites such strength of will with acuteness of thought, than with the more mystical and contemplative character of a spirit like John. But apart from such considerations, Paul has a right from historical fact to be called the great theologian of the western world. He gave Christianity to Europe in his missionary journeys. Revived in Augustine, the forms of his theology lorded it over the church of the West for a thousand years. And when in the Roman Church a new and corrupt Pharisaism sprung up, which transformed Christianity into Judaism, and united the abominations of priestcraft with the nominal faith of Christ, the spirit of Paul revived in Luther; the Epistle to the Galatians, the sturdy old reformer's darling book, brought to light with new force the neglected doctrine of justification by a living faith, rather than by rites and penances; and once more the spirit of the Apostle of the Gentiles broke the might of Jewish exclusiveness, and the Church built upon the Jewish prejudices of Peter was shaken to its centre by the free Gospel of Paul. Again in the midst of New England, ages after his westward voyage, — in New England, the nursery of our western theology, the system of Paul certainly in its form, phraseology, and much of its spirit, if not in its full freedom, was revived in the mighty Edwards; and the great religious convulsion, that formed the chief event in the American Church during the last century, was prompted by the earnest preaching of that doctrine of divine sovereignty which was ostensibly borrowed from Paul. And probably more sermons are preached at this day in New England from texts taken from Paul, than from all the New Testament beside.

But, without dwelling further upon the historical influences of Paul's Epistles, let us consider what importance we should attach to them as bearing upon the essential truths of Christianity.



As acquainting us with the mental experiences of the most illustrious convert of the apostolic church, the Epistles have a lasting value that must make them indispensable guides to all persons, who are passing through the conflicts that generally attend the entrance upon a Christian life. As helps to experimental religion, they have exerted a power over the Church in all ages, and Christians of all communions have been able by their own experiences to bear witness to the truth, and bless the comforting influence of Paul's exhibition of the soul turning from sin and finding peace in Jesus. Although the logical faculty is Paul's marked intellectual trait, and practical will his great moral trait, we must by no means undervalue him as a man of deep feeling. His love for Christ was almost a passion of his soul, and the fervor, with which he gives utterance to this feeling, appears all the more touching and beautiful, from its union with a will so strong and an intellect so keen. His contemplations of the glorified Saviour, of the grace of charity, of the immortal life, move him to a lyric burst of feeling, that blends the deep sentiment and mystic beauty of John with his own earnest eloquence, and we forget the acute logician in the inspired prophet. It would be well if more regard were paid to the form in which the religious sentiment manifests itself in Paul, and if, without neglecting his doctrinal views, we contemplated them less as logical forms, and more in connexion with the Apostle's own glowing soul. The metaphysical character of New England theology would lose none of its depth, and gain much in power and interest, had it thus regarded the whole compass of the Apostle's mind.

As containing a system of Christian doctrine, the Epistles must have importance in all ages of the Church. Even those disposed to deny his authority in matters of faith, and to assert a right equal to his in judging of the facts and principles of the gospel, must allow that the mere opinions of a man, circumstanced and gifted as he was, must be entitled to great respect. While those of us who believe in the Apostle's peculiar communion with Christ, and special illumination upon sacred things, must look to his words with reverence high as is accorded to any of the sacred writers.

A remark of Neander may here be aptly adduced, as showing the permanent worth of Paul's views. He says that Paul was "a man distinguished, not only for the wide extent of his apostolic labors, but for his development of the fundamental

truths of the gospel in their living organic connexion, and their formation into a compact system. The essence of the gospel in relation to human nature, on one side especially, the relation namely to its need of redemption, was set by him in the clearest light ; so that when the sense of that need has been long repressed or perverted, and a revival of Christian consciousness has followed a state of spiritual death, the newly awakened Christian life, whether in the Church at large or in individuals, has always drawn its nourishment from *his* writings. As he has presented Christianity under this aspect especially, and has so impressively shown the immediate relation of religious knowledge and experience to the Lord Jesus, in opposition to all dependence on any human mediation whatever, thus drawing the line of demarcation most clearly between the Christian and Jewish standing point ; — he may be considered the representative among the Apostles of the Protestant principle."

There would be great difficulties in our way, indeed, if we considered the Epistles to teach views of Christ's mission and death, not contained or implied in the Gospels, or even the opposite of the most obvious sense of the Gospels. If the Calvinistic views of Paul's doctrine of the atonement be correct, we must confess that we should be in no small degree perplexed in feeling ourselves called upon to adopt sentiments, so strongly conflicting with reason, and so different from the purport of the Gospels, merely upon Paul's authority. But no such perplexity meets us, who interpret his Epistles so perfectly in accordance with the teachings of Christ and the dictates of reason. His great doctrine of reconciliation by trusting to the offices of our Saviour's death and resurrection, or justification by faith, contains the essence of Christian truth, and urges a principle which should be dearer to none than to liberal Christians.

Whether viewed as a manifestation of heavenly love and truth, or as the great fact consummating the Christian revelation, and sealing the immortality of the soul, the death of Christ has an eternal significance, which must always render a living faith in its power the great foundation of faith and motive to duty.

It is a question in some, whether in preaching Christianity it is well to be studious of retaining the phraseology of the Apostle, or indeed to urge principles of faith and duty by personal

references to Christ, as the Apostle does, instead of using a language more general, and treating of moral fidelity and the eternal life in the abstract. But all experience shows, that preaching loses its power, when it loses its personal and historical character. The doctrine of Christ crucified and risen has always exerted vastly more power upon the soul, than any moral essays, however cogent and beautiful, or any speculations upon eternity, however ingenious or sublime. Moreover, we may retain all our liberality of spirit and our philosophical depth, without giving up those personal references and that concrete form, in which Paul presents the gospel to the churches of his charge. Still, as in the Apostle's day, the great question is asked, How shall we obtain reconciliation with God? And still, as in his day, no better answer can be given than the assurance of Paul to the Romans, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." If we may pride ourselves on our philosophy, and for faith in Christ think best to substitute faith in our own spiritual nature, we may remember that Paul was something of a philosopher, and knew something of the spiritual elements of the soul; and yet he allowed nothing to separate him from the love of Christ, nor from the doctrine of the Cross.

As an earnest champion of freedom of thought and true catholicity of feeling, Paul, in his Epistles, speaks lessons which the Church in all ages may well remember, and which in all ages have been far too much neglected. The most enthusiastic friends of modern philanthropy have by no means compassed the breadth of his gospel of brotherhood, nor the most liberal of churches reached the comprehensiveness of his charity. In all ages the fettered soul of man, in bondage to sin or in bondage to spiritual despotism, will have cause to turn for example and aid to him who declared, "where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty," and who rejoiced, "that the law of the spirit of life had made him free from the law of sin and death."

From this new world, unknown to the Apostle, but so blessed by the influence of his labors, we have abundant cause to pay tribute of earnest gratitude to his memory. Under God and His Son, Paul has been the guiding spirit of American theology. The Pilgrims of the Mayflower breathed his indomitable freedom, and gloried in that justifying faith of which Jesus had elected him to be the great Apostle. The active energy of this



great missionary turned his face westward, and the whole western world has been ready to do him honor in word and deed. His visits to Europe, whether to Greece or Rome, made the great era of European civilization, and have done more than any one event to give America her present character. Not in the discoveries of navigators nor the victories of warriors, but in the life and labors of Paul, we may read the best commentary upon the maxim at once of poetry and history,

“Westward the star of empire takes its flight.”

Those of us, who are sometimes weary of Paul's logical manner and practical earnestness, and disposed to complain of the formal character of the prevalent theology, and the bustling nature of ordinary religion, should check our repining, and, grateful for what the Apostle has done for us, remember that the Apostle himself united life with logic, spirituality with active zeal. Although we may pray for more of the serene and profound spirit of John in our churches, we shall never have our prayer granted by disparaging that apostle, whose doctrines exhibit the essentials of faith and life, and whose writings in their most significant passages leave us almost to doubt, whether they came from Paul, the zealous Missionary, or John, the calm Divine.

S. O.

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#### LYCIA.

IN a former number we gave some account of a journey through Asia Minor by Mr. C. Fellows, and referred then to a subsequent tour, for purposes of a more thorough investigation, performed a year or two afterwards. The volume, containing the record of the second tour in 1840, is now before us, and we propose to follow on his route, as before, this most instructive and agreeable traveller. We do not wonder that, on his return to London, he felt as if he had but most imperfectly surveyed the interesting country he had visited, and was in haste to traverse it again. In every province he visited, his time allowed him to give only days or hours to investigations

that demanded, and would have richly repaid, weeks or months. Lycia, especially, it appeared to him, he had treated with particular neglect, and he determined to pay it a second visit.

“On my second visit,” he says in his preface, “I determined to turn my steps at once to Lycia; and I have, as will be seen from the line of my route on the map, traversed it in several directions. The new discoveries, which I have made on this excursion, have richly rewarded me; and I am led to believe that the materials for the historian, the philologist, and lover of art, which I have rescued from the ruins I visited, will be found of no inconsiderable value. The geographer will see that I have mapped the interior of the country, which hitherto has been unknown, and left blank in the maps.” “In this small province I have discovered the remains of eleven cities not denoted in any map, and of which I believe it was not known that any traces existed. These eleven, with Xanthus and those described in my former journal, and the eleven other cities along the coast visited by former travellers, make together twenty-four of the thirty-six cities mentioned by Pliny, as having left remains still seen in his age. I also observed and have noticed in my Journal many other piles of ruins, not included in the above numbers.”

But, much as Mr. Fellows has found in Lycia to reward a second journey, he has not even yet explored the whole province. His route has left untouched large districts of it. And for Pisidia, Pamphylia, and Phrygia he obtained on the former journey but the most partial and casual glimpses of the wonders they contain. We hope therefore that his second tour is not to be his last; but that where he has begun so good a work, with so much reputation to himself and advantage to science, he may be induced to carry it on to a full completion, and give to the world a thorough survey of the antiquities of Asia Minor. How cursory and incomplete even the present examination of Lycia has been, will be felt, when it is recollected that the author passed less than two months in making his researches in a district, which, as mentioned above, contained no fewer than thirty-six cities, of one third of which no traces have as yet been discovered. A portion of these may have wholly perished; others may only await in their fastnesses among the hills the approach of the traveller.

On his first journey it will be recollected that Mr. Fellows, on his arrival at Smyrna, went first to Constantinople, and then

passing into Bythinia in an eastern direction, crossed the peninsula, through Pamphylia, Pisidia, and a part of Phrygia, to Lycia on the Mediterranean, whence he returned along the borders of the sea to Smyrna. On the present occasion he left Smyrna on a direct route for Lycia, passing, of course, in the early part of his journey, over much of the ground he had seen on his former return, with, however, occasional deviations. Antiquities being the main object and constituting the chief interest of these travels, we shall at first confine ourselves to extracts relating the principal discoveries in this wide and enchanting field.

We pass by Caria, through which our traveller's route lay on leaving Smyrna, and take him up where he discovers the ancient Calynda, just within the confines of Lycia. The Turkish name of the small village in its neighborhood is Bennaiah-cooe.

"At this place we found ample occupation, until it was too late to ramble among the overhanging rocks. We had seen around us, for two miles, tombs excavated in the cliffs, and one which we passed near the wood was highly ornamented as a temple, cut out of the rock, similar to the many I had seen in Lycia, and described at Telmessus. This specimen had tryglyphs, and in its pediment were two shields. I regret that we did not make careful drawings of it; but our guide assured us that thousands of better ones were around the village a mile or two in advance. *Thousands* is in the East used as an indefinite number; but in this instance it was probably no exaggeration, for tombs appeared on every cliff as we travelled eastward up this beautiful valley." "Our guide in these mountain excursions is generally any peasant whom we meet by chance in the woods. The man now attending us has his gun, and seems to live by it; or rather it appears his only occupation; he professes to know every hole in the mountains, having long pursued his sportsman's life in the neighborhood, and offers to conduct us as far as Macry; his pay is at present but sixpence a day. I have observed a striking feature in the character of these men; on being hired, they always say, by way of showing their independence, 'I have no mother; I can go any where with you; no one depends upon me.' These anecdotes serve to mark the devotional respect to parents, which I noticed so often on my former visit. Our present guide, who wears sandals exactly like those seen in the antique figures, led us high into the crags which we had seen above us, where we found the greatest collected number of cave-tombs. Here between two ridges of rocks was the commanding site of an ancient city."



"I at once determined this to be a city within the confines of Lycia, and as such could be none else but the ancient Calynda, which, according to Herodotus, was beyond the boundaries of Caria, the early inhabitants of which district are represented as pursuing and expelling the foreign gods from their country, and stopping not, until they came to the mountains of Calynda." "This range must have been the one down whose beautiful valleys we had been for some time travelling. Calynda, if this was the site of the city, was high up in the mountains, but not far from the sea, where it probably had its port, as we know that it supplied ships to the fleet of Xerxes. From the situation and remains of the city, I conclude that it cannot have been very large; but, from its remaining tombs, it may have existed for many generations, and probably at an early period."

The author makes here an observation in natural history, which will be new to readers in this part of the world.

"Some weeks ago at Naslee, I mentioned having seen a small green frog, sitting on a sunny bank of sand, and apparently deserting the water. I here saw another of the same kind, some feet above the ground, sitting against the stem of a dead shrub, as thick as my little finger. I called to my companions to come and see a frog in a tree, as a fish out of water. On being noticed, the little fellow, to our surprise, leaped upon a thinner and higher branch, and again upon the point of a twig not thicker than a crow-quill, and sat there swinging, with all his legs together, like the goats on the pointed rocks above us, or as the bears sit upon their pole in the zoölogical gardens in London. On inquiry, I find that this description of frog always frequents the trees; it is seldom in the water, and enjoys basking in the hottest places."

Passing through the ancient Telmessus, he arrived, on the 7th of April, at the Turkish Hoozumlee.

"Our attraction to this place was the report of ruins that existed in its neighborhood. We therefore started at eight o'clock in the morning to ascend the mountain to the south. Scarcely beyond the south-east end of the village, and in less than ten minutes, we found among the bushes a tomb of the most usual kind, cut in the rocks, resembling our Elizabethan domestic architecture. The tomb has been much shaken to pieces, apparently by an earthquake; but the detail of its execution we found to be of the highest interest. I do not hesitate in placing this fragment in the finest age of Greek work;

it shows by the simplest effects the full expression of the history and ideas of the sculptured figures. Had they been all perfect, its value in a museum, either for the philologist, antiquarian, or artist, would be inestimable."

"Great additional interest is given to these groups, by the circumstance of several of the figures having over them their names, after the manner of the Etruscan; these inscriptions are in the Lycian language, and some bilingual with the Greek. This, I trust, will materially assist in throwing light upon our ignorance as to the Lycian language, and these sculptures also may be important illustrations."

"Continuing for about a mile a steep ascent, we saw around us immense masses of rock, rolled from their original position, and some containing excavated tombs, now thrown on their sides or leaning at angles, which must have caused the disentanglement of their dead." "Ascending for half an hour a steep scarcely accessible on horses, we arrived at an elevation of about three thousand five hundred feet above the sea which lay before us. The view was overwhelmingly beautiful. To the south-west lay the bay of Macry, with its islands and the coast of the south of Caria, while beyond lay the long and mountainous island of Rhodes. Cragus, with its snowy tops, broke the view towards the south, and the coast and sea off Patara measured its elevation by carrying the eye down to the valley of the Xanthus, whose glittering waters were visible for probably seventy miles, until lost in the range of high mountains, upon a part of which we were standing; in this chain it has its rise in the north. The crags of limestone around us were almost concealed by a forest of fir-trees and green underwood. Before us was the city surrounded by beautiful Cyclopean walls.

"The scattered stones of a fallen temple next interrupted our path on the way to the stadium; neither of its ends remained, and I feel sure that they have never been built up with seats, as seen in some of probably a later date. To the right of this stadium was the agora; eight squared pillars or piers stand on either side. For nearly a quarter of a mile the ground was covered like a mason's yard with stones well squared, parts of columns, cornices, tryglyphs, and pedestals; and here and there stood still erect the jambs of the doors of buildings, whose foundations alone are to be traced. Near the stadium some large walls with windows are still standing, and enclose some places which have probably been for public amusements. The city is in many parts undermined by chambers cut in rocks, and arched over with fine masonry; these, no

doubt, were the basements or vaults of the large buildings of the town, or may have served for its stores of provisions ; at present they are the wonder and terror of the peasants, who relate, that in one great vault, into which they had entered, there were seven doors all leading in different directions. This report has given the name of Yeddy Cappolee, meaning 'seven doors,' to the ruins, as well as to the mountain on which they stand. We descended towards the west, and came to the upper seats of a beautiful little theatre, in high preservation, a few large fir-trees interrupting the effect of the semicircle of seats. The proscenium was a heap of ruins, only one or two of its door-ways being left standing. The form of the theatre was like those in the east of Caria; in front were the Cyclopean walls of the city blended with the more regular Greek, and evidently constructed at the same period. From this spot for a quarter of a mile were tombs, neither cut in the rocks, nor sarcophagi, nor of the usual architecture of Lycia, but of a heavy, peculiar, and massive style of building, not generally associated with our ideas of the Greek; there was no trace of bas-reliefs or ornaments, and not a letter of the Lycian character among the numerous inscriptions, which were Greek, and much injured by time."

On returning to the village after his visit to these ruins, the principal citizens, who had assembled to see him, assured him that he was the only Frank who had ever visited them. Two days after, continuing his route toward the valley of the Xanthus, he found ruins which he was able to identify as the remains of the ancient Massicytus. These detained him not long, and he pressed on to Tlos, a place visited and described on his former tour. Here he found tombs beautifully sculptured. On the walls of one was discovered a bas-relief representing the fable of Bellerophon, of whose wonderful feats Lycia was the scene; and the author well says, "To find this in a city in the valley of the Xanthus, cut in the rock, at once gives reality and place to the poetic description and services of this classic hero." From Tlos he moved on south to Minara, which he conjectures to be the ancient Pinara. The general ruins of the city, except the very perfect remains of a theatre, are not remarkable, but it is surrounded by "innumerable" tombs in the rocky cliffs. Upon the inner and outer walls of these were found interesting bas-reliefs; one especially so, being a representation of the ancient city, "cut in relief on four different panels."



"I know no instances," says the author, "of a similar insight into the appearance of the ancient cities. These views exhibit the forms of the tops of the walls, which are embattled, the gateways, and even the sentinels before them. The upper portions of the walls are rarely found remaining at the present day, and I have too often perhaps attributed those I have seen to the Venetian age. The form of the battlements is very singular; none now are left upon the ruined walls of this city, but the tombs and towers might be still selected, probably from the same point of view, as represented in these bas-reliefs."

Mr. Fellows is justly surprised at the number and costliness of the tombs in the neighborhood of the ruins of the Greek cities, and especially at some found here at Pinara. The most wealthy of our citizens, in modern times, would not think of so expensive erections. Our wealth, it may be said, is lavished upon different objects; but if it took the same direction, it could by no means accomplish so much.\*

"I have just measured one," says Mr. Fellows; "the form is of the most frequent style, and has its inner front; but the whole appeared so much in relief from the rock, that I climbed up, and found that I could walk by the side, which was ornamented and as highly finished as the front; this passage continued again along the back, making a perfectly independent building, or sculptured mausoleum, eighteen feet six inches deep; the cutting from the face of the rock was twenty-six feet deep, directly into its hard mass."

Mr. Fellows finds among the ruins of Pinara many buildings of which he cannot discover the design.

"How little is known," he says, "of even the names of the ancient Greek buildings! I find the usual vocabulary sadly deficient in supplying appellations for many edifices crowded together in this very ancient city; several have long parallel walls built of massive and good masonry, with numerous door-ways, and simple but bold cornices. Others are more square in form, with a fine sweeping circular recess at one end; they have often four door-ways, and columns lying about within the

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\* This matter is partly explained by an observation made in the Appendix, founded on information obtained from inscriptions on the tombs at Tlos, namely, that most of the tombs of that city were constructed for the use of the dead of several families. This, Mr. Fellows thinks, will account for their more than usual magnificence.

buildings. Near, and within, one of the entrances to the upper part of the city are the remains of a very small theatre, or probably an Odeum. I have not before seen one so small ; it would serve as a lecture-room of the present day, where all the powers of the orator might have full effect. Beneath the surface of the highest part of the city are large square chambers, cut in the rock and arched over with masonry ; the whole of the inside is beautifully plastered with a white stucco, having a polished surface like marble. These have, no doubt, been stores for corn and other provisions for the city."

At Pinara he writes :

"The people had never before seen a Frank ; an old man told me that none had ever been up to his village ; their manners were naturally the more simple, and of this I must give an instance. Three or four men, one of them very old, were the most attentive and curious in watching and assisting us to move stones, and leading the way through bushes ; of course we returned the civility by signs of obligation. We soon became intimate, and they ventured to make remarks, noticing the spectacles worn by one of my companions, and placing them before their own eyes ; these and a magnifying-glass astonished them exceedingly. Our pencils and books were equally novel to them. Soon afterwards a pretty girl joined our group, with a red skull-cap much faded by the sun, and from which were suspended chains of glittering coins, confining her hair, that hung in many long plaits down her back, in the manner of the ancient Egyptians ; rows of colored beads hung around her brown open breast. This child was pushed forward to present to me an egg, which I exchanged for half a piastre, and all fear of the Frank at once ceased. Other eggs were brought me, my plant-box and hands were soon filled, and I was reminded of my former servant's instruction, that presents are very dear things in this country, — the price of eggs being twenty or thirty for a piastre."

Another city high up among the mountains was discovered soon after leaving Pinara, and its name, from inscriptions on the tombs, found to have been Sydima. It was small, but of pure Greek architecture, and abounding in "splendidly built tombs." A few hours' travel from the place gave to our traveller a view of the Delta of the Xanthus. He soon found himself in the famous city of that name, to revisit which, and explore more thoroughly its remains, was the principal object of his present journey. His time was spent here in copying in-

scriptions, in both the ancient Lycian and Greek, and in making drawings of the ruins and the more interesting bas-reliefs. From these, many beautiful and valuable engravings are given in the splendid volume before us, without the aid of which it is not easy to convey to the reader an adequate idea of these remarkable relics of a remote and polished age. But notwithstanding their number and excellence, they are too few and too little various in their subjects to satisfy the reasonable wants of the student of antiquity, or lover of art. It would have been a great additional advantage, if some had been given representing the general aspect of a city like Xanthus in its present state, with views of its more remarkable structures, drawings showing the details of architectural embellishment, and sketches of the surrounding scenery. Of those very remarkable places, Sagalassus and Selge, visited by Mr. Fellows on his former journey, a few outline engravings of each, from different points of view, would have conveyed a clearer idea than any number of pages of elaborate description. In truth, in journals of this kind, the reader would hardly ask for more of letter-press than should be necessary to state the few facts, that could not be made known by the draughtsman and the engraver. In the case of some of these ruins, general views of them, indeed, must be impracticable, from the thick growth of shrub and tree by which they are overrun. This was a difficulty here at Xanthus.

"To lay down a plan of the town is impossible," he says, "the whole being concealed by trees; but walls of the finest kind of Cyclopean, blended with Greek, as well as the beautifully squared stones of a lighter kind, are seen in every direction; several gateways also, with their paved roads, still exist. I observed on my first visit that the temples have been numerous, and, from their position along the brow of the cliff, must have combined with nature to form one of the most beautiful of cities. The extent I now find is much greater than I had imagined, and its tombs extend over miles of country I had not before seen."

A few miles brought our traveller to Patara on the sea-coast, which he had seen also on his former journey.

"I again sought the points of greatest interest, its very perfect theatre, the arched entrance to the city, and clusters of palm-trees; and owing to the drier state of the swamp, I was enabled to visit a beautiful small temple about the centre of the



ruined city; its door-way within a portico *in antis* is in high preservation, as well as its walls; the door-way is of beautiful Greek workmanship, ornamented in the Corinthian style, and in fine proportion and scale; the height is about twenty-four feet. I have sought in vain among the numerous funeral inscriptions for any trace of Lycian characters."

Coins among these ruins abounded, and were to be picked up like berries.

"The number of coins and common gems of rude cutting that are found here is quite unaccountable. I obtained above thirty coins from a man, who said he often brought home a hundred in a day when he was ploughing, and that, if I liked, he would go and find some. One of our men picked up two in crossing a field as he drove the horses; they appear to be of all dates, but I hope some may be curious, having the Lycian characters upon them. I am delighted to recognise again on one the figure of Bellerophon, similar to the bas-relief in the tomb at Tlos; this is highly interesting, as being found in the valley of the Xanthus."

Leaving Patara, Mr. Fellows, next passing through Phellus and Antiphellus, places of no great interest, reached Myra, bearing the modern Turkish name of Dembre. Here were seen beautiful and perfect remains of the ancient city; among others more interesting, a multitude of tombs of course. The theatre he found to be "among the largest and best built in Asia Minor; much of its fine corridor and proscenium remains; the upper seats have disappeared, but the present crop of wheat occupies little more than the area; probably about six feet of earth may have accumulated upon its surface." Among the sculptures on the tombs he met with examples of colored bas-reliefs, a practice well known to have been adopted by the Greeks in some of their works. In relation to this curious fact, so contrary to all our common notions of what is classical, he records in a note the opinion of Professor Müller, given on seeing the colored drawing from this tomb in Myra.

"The ancients *painted* their bas-reliefs; they only *tinged* their statues; tinging the drapery, leaving the flesh part uncolored; the wounds and blood were stained, and the ear-rings and ornaments gilded. Their temples were left white, but parts of the frieze and architectural ornaments were colored, but very minutely. Their temples of coarser materials were

plastered and entirely colored. The Parthenon frieze was colored; all the backgrounds of their bas-reliefs were painted."

At this point of his travels the interest of the journal, so far as Greek antiquities are concerned, ceases. The author met with little more of a very attractive nature, although he passed through districts absolutely covered with crumbling remains of former ages; more leisure only was needed, however, we believe, to have invested every square mile of such a country with the deepest interest. At Isium, near Myra, he exclaims, "What a wonderful people the ancient Greeks were! This mountain country was literally strewed with cities and stately towers, which stand uninjured and unoccupied two thousand years after their builders are removed." From the last mentioned place Mr. Fellows turned his face toward the interior in a northerly course, and then bending to the west over the highlands, returned to Macry on the seacoast, whence, after an excursion to Rhodes, he made his way circuitously to Smyrna. With more pages at our command, we should have traced his whole journey as minutely as we have parts of it; especially should we have indulged in many extracts, descriptive of the present manners of the modern inhabitants of these beautiful regions — beautiful indeed, if we may fully trust the pictures — word-pictures — the author gives us of its scenery. We give a single passage to show the effect of the beauty of this country upon the author's mind.

"My tent is pitched about twenty miles up the valley of the ancient Arycandus to the north of Limyra. A journal after all is only a register of the state of the mind as impressed by the objects of the day; I shall therefore not hesitate to describe my own feelings, and confess I never felt less inclined or less able to put to paper any remarks, than the impressions produced by my ride during the last five hours. I have heard others speak of a melancholy being caused by the overwhelming effect of the sublime; but it is not melancholy when better analyzed; it is a thoughtfulness and feeling of gratified pleasure, which affects me; and I long to express what perhaps is better indicated by the prostration of the Oriental worshipper, than by any verbal description; I feel as if I had come into the world, and seen the perfection of its loveliness and was satisfied. I know no scenery equal in sublimity and beauty to this part of Lycia.

"The mere mention of mountain scenery cannot give any

idea of the mountains here, which are broken into sections, forming cliffs, whose upheaved strata stand erect in peaks many thousand feet high, uniting to form a wild chaos, but each part harmonized by the other; for all is grand, yet lovely. Deep in the ravines dark torrents of the purest water, and over these grow the most luxuriant trees; above are the graver forests of pines upon the gray cliffs; and higher than these are ranges capped with snow, contrasting with the deep blue of the cloudless sky."

We close our brief and imperfect notice of this valuable work with one more extract, descriptive of the primitive pastoral habits of the present inhabitants.

"The interest of our halt (at Yeeilassies among the mountains) was greatly increased by our observing an almost uninterrupted train of cattle and people, moving from the valleys to the cool places for the summer season—the *Yeeilassies*. I was much struck by the simplicity and patriarchal appearance of the several families, which brought forcibly to mind the descriptions of pastoral life in Bible history. What a picture would Landseer make of such a pilgrimage! The snowy tops of the mountains were seen through the lofty and dark green fir-trees, terminating in abrupt cliffs many thousand feet of perpendicular height. From clefts in these gushed out cascades, falling in torrents, the sound of which, from their great distance, was heard only in the stillness of the evening, and the waters were carried away by the wind in spray over the green woods, before they could reach their deep bed in the rocky ravines below. In a zigzag course up the wood lay the track leading to the cool places.

"In advance of the pastoral groups were the straggling goats, browsing on the fresh blossoms of the wild almond as they passed. In more steady courses followed the small black cattle, with their calves; and among them several asses, carrying in saddle-bags those that were too young to follow their watchful mothers. Then came the flocks of sheep and the camels, each with their young; two or three fine-grown camels bearing piled loads of ploughs, tent-poles, kettles, pans, presses, and all the utensils for the dairy; and amidst this rustic load was always seen the rich turkey carpet and damask cushions, the pride even of the tented Turk. Behind these portions of the train I must place, with more finish, the family—the foreground of the picture.

"An old man, and generally his wife, head the clan which consists of several generations; many of them must have seen



near five score summers on the mountains; the old man, grasping a long stick, leads his children with a firm step. His son, the master of the flocks, follows with his wife; she is often seated on a horse, with a child in her arms, and other horses are led, all clothed with the gay trappings of a Turkish stud. Asses are allotted to the younger children, who are placed amidst the domestic stores, and never without a pet cat in their arms; long tresses of hair hang down their necks, and are kept closely to the head by a circlet of coins. By their side walks the eldest son, with all the air and alacrity of a young sportsman; over his shoulder hangs a long-barrelled gun, in his hand is the cage of a decoy partridge, and a classic looking hound follows at his heels; a number of shepherd boys mingle with the flocks and bring up the rear. The gay costume, the varied noises of the cattle, and the high glee attending the party on this annual expedition, must be supplied by the imagination.

"I should think that twenty families passed in succession during our halt, few of them having less than one hundred head of stock, and many had more. In some families, attendants, servants, or farm-laborers were among the cattle, generally with their aprons tied around, in which they carried two or three young kids; they had often over their shoulders a small calf, with all its legs tied together on the breast, exactly as seen in the offerings on the bas-reliefs at Xanthus and elsewhere.

"The longevity of these people in this pastoral country is very remarkable. I am sure that we have seen at least twenty peasants, within the last two days, above a hundred years of age, and apparently still enjoying health and activity of body; in some instances the mind appeared wandering. An old-looking hag, screaming violently, seized my servant Mania, and asked if he was come to take away her other child for a soldier, for if he were gone, she should have none left to take care of her. The temperate habits of the Turks, as well as some of their customs, may in part account for the prolongation of life in this country. One custom I may mention, as tending to diminish the cares of age, and to show the excellence of these simple people. When sons grow up and marry, the father gives over to them his flocks and property, and trusts to the known natural affection of his children to take care of him in his declining years; to a son his parents are always his first charge."

## A HYMN OF THE SEA.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

THE sea is mighty, but a mightier sways  
His restless billows. Thou, whose hands have scooped  
His boundless gulfs and built his shore, thy breath,  
That moved in the beginning o'er his face,  
Moves o'er it evermore. The obedient waves,  
To its strong motion, roll and rise and fall.  
Still from that realm of rain thy cloud goes up,  
As at the first, to water the great earth,  
And keep her valleys green. A hundred realms  
Watch its broad shadow warping on the wind,  
And in the dropping shower, with gladness, hear  
Thy promise of the harvest. I look forth,  
Over the boundless blue, where, joyously,  
The bright crests of innumerable waves  
Glance to the sun at once, as when the hands  
Of a great multitude are upward flung  
In acclamation. I behold the ships  
Gliding from cape to cape, from isle to isle,  
Or stemming toward far lands, or hastening home  
From the old world. It is thy friendly breeze  
That bears them, with the riches of the land,  
And treasure of dear lives, till, in the port,  
The shouting seaman climbs and furls the sail.

But who shall bide thy tempest, who shall face  
The blast that wakes the fury of the sea?  
Oh God! thy justice makes the world turn pale,  
When on the armed fleet, that, royally,  
Bears down the surges, carrying war, to smite  
Some city, or invade some thoughtless realm,  
Descends the fierce tornado. The vast hulks  
Are whirled like chaff upon the waves; the sails  
Fly, rent like webs of gossamer; the masts

Are snapped asunder ; downward from the decks,  
Downward are slung, into the fathomless gulf,  
Their cruel engines, and their hosts, arrayed  
In trappings of the battle field, are whelmed  
By whirlpools, or dashed dead upon the rocks.  
Then stand the nations still with awe, and pause,  
A moment, from the bloody work of war.

These restless surges eat away the shores  
Of earth's old continents, the fertile plain  
Welters in shallows, headlands crumble down,  
And the tide drifts the sea-sand in the streets  
Of the drowned city. Thou meanwhile, afar,  
In the green chambers of the middle sea,  
Where broadest spread the waters and the line  
Sinks deepest, while no eye beholds thy work,  
Creator ! thou dost teach the coral worm  
To lay his mighty reefs. From age to age,  
He builds beneath the waters, till, at last,  
His bulwarks overtop the brine, and check  
The long wave rolling from the Arctic pole  
To break upon Japan. Thou bidst the fires,  
That smoulder under ocean, heave on high  
The new-made mountains, and uplift their peaks,  
A place of refuge for the storm-driven bird.  
The birds and wafting billows plant the rifts  
With herb and tree ; sweet fountains gush ; sweet airs  
Ripple the living lakes, that, fringed with flowers,  
Are gathering in the hollows. Thou dost look  
On thy creation and pronounce it good.  
Its valleys, glorious with their summer green,  
Praise thee in silent beauty, and its woods,  
Swept by the murmuring winds of ocean, join  
The murmuring shores in a perpetual hymn.



FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION, TOGETHER WITH THE FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE BOARD.

IN the floods of periodical literature, which have issued from the press since the publication of this Report, we have scarcely been able to catch a glimpse of a notice of it, or the doings of the Board or Secretary, or of the progress of Education in the Commonwealth. How are we to account for the silence of Literature at the progress or even the movements of Education?

While the Board should have long since found able coadjutors in the conductors of periodical literature, — we acknowledge our own fault in the matter, — and numerous supporters in its patrons, it has been left to convince the public of its utility, and to carry on its plans single-handed and alone; and the only discussions, which have excited any considerable degree of agitation, have related to the question of existence. The question, whether the Board shall be abolished or *suffered to live*, — not supported, — is yet entertaining men's minds; while we might rather have expected them to be engaged in discussing measures of policy and progress with an eager zeal.

How can a body of men act with any degree of vigor, while the humiliating questions of the propriety of continuing its existence as a body is gravely controverted? Why is it, that the voice of Literature has not long since drowned these preliminary clamors? Is it because the subject is exhausted, unpopular, or barren, — because education has nothing to do with the progress of society, or because the Board and the Secretary have by their own individual exertions, — efficient as indeed they are, — forestalled the suggestions of all Experience, the inferences of all Analysis, and the conclusions of all Philosophy? Is it because the office of the common-school system is too insignificant to merit notice, because its chaotic materials have not yet assumed a character, — because it wants individuality, or because it has already arrived at the perfection of a full maturity? Should the Literature of this State fail to discover in its Board of Education the movements and bearing of a young Hercules, while its operations have attracted the admiration of distant nations, and the first words of encourage-

ment, which greet its ear, fall in no insignificant accents from the lips of a people separated from us by the broad Atlantic? Not thus does Literature in sister States. Virginia is bestirring herself in the work of common-school education, and her *Literary Messenger*, if not foremost in the enterprise, espouses its prosecution with a most commendable zeal.

The apathy here is not because people are indifferent. The community is shaking off its slumbers in this matter. To its ear the sleepy hum, by which the indistinctly uttered claims of common-school education once lulled it to a deeper repose, is becoming the imperative summons which quickens it to a vitality of multiplied vigor. The infinite individual and social difference between men educated and uneducated, by the striking contrasts presented in condition, fixes observation. To the common-school system the ignorant, lamenting over their inestimable misfortune in having been insensible to its value in early life, do homage. On it the philanthropist rests his anxious gaze, in the ardent expectation, that, though it now be a little cloud just visible in the horizon, and no bigger than a man's hand, it will soon pervade the whole hemisphere of mind, and, fraught with fertility, penetrate into all the secret sources of mental vegetation, causing abundant harvests to grow upon and beautify barren desolations. To it the wise look joyfully, as the instrument which shall eradicate imposition, empiricism, prejudice, and superstition, and prostrate the barriers of factitious distinction.

That its movements are onward is visible, notwithstanding its many discouraging obstructions. Five years ago the plan of a Board of Education, suggested by the example of sister States, was adopted into practice. Such was the doubt as to its utility, that it was with difficulty that a vote could be obtained from the Legislature to continue its existence. The fostering hand of private munificence gave at once strength to its character, and health and nerve to its feeble frame. Still its claims to support have been granted reluctantly, if not grudgingly. Partisanship and sectarianism have made it the target, on which to expend the ammunition of desperate assaults. These now, beginning to perceive the real grandeur of the objects which the system embraces, are hiding their forms in shame at the dastardly spirit that would lay sacrilegious hands on institutions, whose foundations are laid in a disinterested humanity. Each successive year gives new occasion for the

State to be more and more proud of its offspring, and to reward the labors of its devoted agents by a more ample pecuniary remuneration, or by an increased confidence in their recommendations.

The Report of the Board of Education presents first the Normal Schools and their condition, and recommends them to the continued fostering care of the State. Their influence has been felt, though they have as yet scarcely struggled through the obstacles, ever awaiting novel enterprises and infant institutions. It next alludes to the report of its Secretary, and then to the subject of a school library. Appended to it are the reports of the Visiting Committees, appointed by the Board to conduct the affairs of the several Normal Schools, namely, that at Lexington under the care of C. Pierce, that at Barre under the care of Professor Newman, since deceased, and that at Bridgewater, under the care of Mr. Tillinghast. Then comes the report of the Committee, appointed by the board to consider the state of the Normal Schools, and the expediency of their continuance, which is strenuously urged. Then follows the account current of the Treasurer of the Board. Lastly and chiefly is the highly interesting and elaborate report of the Secretary of the Board. It occupies some 110 pages.

After presenting a general view of the state of the schools in the Commonwealth, which looks favorable, the Secretary takes up several topics connected with common schools naturally coming under his notice.

He proposes a substitute for county conventions. It has been his duty to meet every year, in each county in the State, the friends of education, to discuss with them its interests. These county conventions he regards unequal, as affording but a small portion of the inhabitants the easily accessible means of attending them. He therefore recommends "more frequent meetings in smaller sections of territory, that sounder views and a livelier interest may be carried to the doors of those who will not go abroad to obtain them."

He then goes on to give a summary of some of the important facts and views, contained in the school returns and reports.

School Districts are first alluded to. The prevalence of the plan of uniting School Districts and classifying the schools is regarded as auspicious. It enables the united districts to give to every grade of scholarship the instruments best suited to it;



and by employing less expensive teachers for rudimental students, enables the united district, with about the same expense, to provide the more advanced pupils with exalted means of acquiring an education of a higher excellence.

Thus, too, the attention is directed to the *Schoolhouse*; and from the extraordinary improvements made in this species of architecture, in the comforts and accommodations afforded to the scholar and teacher, in the increased facilities supplied for acquiring knowledge, and thus carrying out the true purposes of the House, even had nothing else been accomplished by the system, its agency is commended to every philanthropist.

The impulse which has electrified every department of common-school education, since the organization of this Board, has in this one been especially brilliant. When we see throughout the entire State decent, comfortable, many frequently elegant and tasteful Schoolhouses, taking the places of the desolate, comfortless hovels, which were once distinguished by the same cognomen, we are filled with the astonishment one may be supposed to experience on beholding, under the transformations of magic, the humble shed suddenly assuming the graceful proportions of an elegant temple. When we observe these results, we cannot but conclude that a master spirit is at work with an energy as potent as it is ubiquitous. On this subject of Schoolhouses the Secretary says, "during the last year the city of Salem, and the village of Cabotville in Springfield have given the best specimens of schoolhouse architecture. Salem has erected several new schoolhouses, remodeled others, and put the residue in a condition of good repair. In Cabotville the wise step was first taken of uniting two contiguous districts. The united district is erecting and has almost completed a beautiful house, far superior to any other in all the middle or western part of the State. Its cost is estimated at ten thousand dollars. . . . The plan of the house for the High School at Lowell is very well devised. . . . These, and several others erected during the last year, are ornaments to the respective places of their location, an honor to their inhabitants, and a pledge of the elevated character of their posterity."

The increasing interest of the public in the common school is manifest from the increase of the *appropriations of Money* to this object, and the jealousy with which any prostitutions of its funds from their legitimate purposes is guarded. It may not

be fully understood, but it is nevertheless true, that no district can lay its hand on the money raised for the support of schools, and appropriate it to the purchase of furniture for the house, to repairs, to seats, to payment of extra services of committee men, or any object except the *payment of board and wages of teachers, and fuel for the schools.*

Under the head of *Amount and Regularity of Attendance*, in which a striking increase is exhibited, much credit is granted to the School Register. Either we do not fully comprehend the statements made under this head, or the Register does not perfectly perform its functions. In speaking of those by whom the benefits of attendance on schools are received, it appears that the average absences for summer are eighty-three thousand three hundred and twenty-three, and for winter, sixty-five thousand one hundred and sixteen. The Enormity of this amount is illustrated with examples, showing how large a district, were all these absences confined to it, would be covered. From the view of the case that is taken a fallacy might be interpreted. On reading the statement as it stands in the Report the general reader might be led to suppose, that a large portion of the population between the ages of four and sixteen, our common-school system does not reach; that we have a population of at least sixty thousand coming into active life entirely illiterate, having neglected the advantages of even a rudimental literary education.

If the Register were so kept as to show all the names of all the scholars in each district, and if from them it should appear that in the State there are sixty thousand children growing up, whose names are on the Register, but whose faces never are seen in the school room, the identical names year after year appearing blank, there would be just cause of alarm. Occasional absences are confessedly bad both for school and scholar; but the mere circumstance of a child's absence from school proves but very little pro or con, in taking the measure of intelligence in the Commonwealth. It does not prove that it is not under the eye of its mother, that it has not been to school for the most part of the year, nor that it is not in some position for acquiring knowledge quite as favorable to that end as the school-room.

The increase of the *Length of Schools* furnishes another cause of gratulation. This, as well as the last point, should be estimated at its true value. It is by no means an unequivocal

truism, that the very best place for every child between the ages of four and sixteen, and during the whole of that period, is the school-room. The real signification of the term Education should not be misapprehended. Mere book knowledge were scarcely more desirable than no literature. The period spoken of is the season for *fashioning the man*. Literature deserves great praise, but its offices and merits have been magnified. Unless man is to be housed and withdrawn from nature and the world, it becomes him to rely on this aid for an education—reservedly. A child may be incessantly conversant with books, and yet have as little practical knowledge as an automaton. We have daily proofs of the perversions of literature under this form. We constantly meet with lamentable instances of men and women, who know only to read and write, — who indeed can do the latter but very indifferently, — and who are distressed at being placed in a predicament requiring an ordinary degree of tact. Such plead guilty to the name of fools, when required to kindle a fire; nor do they aspire to sufficient philosophy to comprehend the uses of an ordinary furnace or cooking stove. Possibly such might make or mend a pen, but to harness a horse would set their entire stock of ingenuity at defiance. Literature is but the key to knowledge, as knowledge is but the key to truth. The man is no more educated with the faculties of the mind alone brought into action, or in whom the physical organs alone are exercised, than the whole efficient force of an army is brought to bear upon the enemy with the infantry alone, or the artillery alone, in the combat. Physical and mental training must proceed *pari passu*. The exercise of the body will help to digest the pabulum of the mind. Every sense must be disciplined and developed; and the Schoolhouse, Books, and Teachers, are but instruments, manuals, and aids to this. Text Books and formulas, unless they stimulate thoughts, are clogs rather than aids in strengthening the mind. The true and full bred man is only formed by a due union of study, observation, and experience. There is a dispepsia as afflictive and stupefying in the pathology of mind, as in physical pathology. Literature may surfeit the young mind with a multitude of words. In the rage for literature, ideas are quite lost sight of. From frequent repetition and incessant drilling, language loses its efficacy in monotony. The Malay manifests great fondness for literature. He will purchase books and devour them with avidity.



But it is only for the music which the words produce on his ear. His mind is untrained to thought, so that the ideas they are intended to convey he cannot comprehend. While therefore the child may and should be furnished with the best aids for making his attainments, due care should be taken that in the use of means they be not exalted above ends.

The urgent recommendation by the Secretary of a greater uniformity of School Books reminds us of a circular, which has recently been issued by the superintendent of common schools in the State of New York. He urges in it with great firmness the adoption throughout the State, in all the schools, of the New Testament as a Reading Book. The conservators of religion are indebted to the subtle refinements of the present day, backed by its well weighed scruples, for the fancy, that it is a profanation to make use of the Bible as a common school book. And this fine-spun logic is put forward in despite of all the experience of the past. The doctrines once deemed sound, that line must be given upon line, and precept upon precept, now that the moral sense, like the intellect of Minerva, is born into instinctive maturity, is rejected. The teachings of religion which, that they might have due force, were, under a theocracy, enjoined to be taught in the house and by the way, sitting down and rising up, on going out and on coming in, by being written on the posts of the doors and the tablets of the heart, are now practically enforced by a converse scheme. An outline of this is to be found in the canons of a sect, which prohibits the Bible to the common people; and a model, in the usages of our own times, which, while they advocate its freedom, in example, discourage its use, which can discover more beauty in the device of apples of gold set in pictures of silver, than in words fitly spoken, and which, lest they should manifest cant in set phrases, or a discrepancy of profession and practice, carefully keep the oracles of religion as an ornament for the centre table, and take public opinion for their rule of faith and conduct.

But such practices will not stand the test of a close ordeal. Truth is not contaminated by contact. Familiarity with it only serves to increase for it our admiration and reverence. Indeed, like the rarest gems, its beauties are only discovered by the grindings and polishings of close attrition and constant use. Human nature is now what it ever was. Mothers in ancient times taught their absurd mythologies to their children in their

infant years ; and shall they, to whom is committed the ark of the covenant, transmit it to posterity, with the most significant expressions of indifference or disgust ? If men have confidence in the power of their religion, they will administer it to their children with their mothers' milk, and daily engrave it, as with a pen of iron, upon their hearts. Were it the business of education to train buffoons, and to ridicule serious things, then might the friends of virtue shrink from making the Bible a manual ; but when its office is to educate the whole man, how absurd were it to contravene this intention by a nice squeamishness. It is pretty generally admitted that the education of the intellect, without the moral sentiments, tends neither to the diminution of crime nor the increase of happiness. Let the Bible, then, without note or comment be the daily reading book in our common schools. Such has been the early practice of our Commonwealth, a practice which has made our community the model to many others of virtue and intelligence. Far be the day distant, when she cuts herself adrift from this anchor of her safety.\*

In treating on the subject of *Teachers* the Secretary speaks with great power and eloquence. Nearly the whole of this topic is taken up in giving some hints to school committees, as to the tests, by which they may, if themselves of even limited acquirements, ascertain the qualifications of those who offer themselves as candidates for teaching. This chapter every school-committee man should read, ponder well, and study.

The literary and moral qualifications of the teacher, together with his aptness to impart instruction, are all discussed with that glowing fervor, which genuine talents, combined with true

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\* To the practice recommended in these remarks we wholly object, if by reading the Bible in school be meant reading the whole Bible in course, without discrimination or selection — the ancient method. To the reading of the whole of the four gospels and the book of Acts in course, with selections judiciously made from the Epistles and the books of the Old Testament, there can lie, we think, no objection, provided still, that the *manner of the reading* be carefully looked after. But if this exercise is to be left for the closing one of the school, to be hurried over with the indecent haste usually attendant on the last recitation, without remark or illustration on the part of the teacher, as a mere exercise in the art of reading, and not distinctly as a religious one, — rather than this, we say without hesitation, it were far safer for the child's moral and religious impressions, that the use of the book in school were entirely interdicted. — Ed.

zeal, sincere love for, and a thorough understanding of the whole subject, inspire. The standard of excellence which he adopts is indeed elevated. Such it should be, since collateral branches of the business of education, — such as attention to the convenience of the scholar, more than keep pace with the supply of good teachers; as it is obvious that a schoolhouse can be built sooner than a good teacher can be qualified for it. This is inevitable. The demand for teachers must precede the supply. Teachers will not qualify themselves for places, which are never to require them; nor indeed is a peculiar power of taste or intellect developed till it is in demand. The people must take the lead; and the leaders must be content to make considerable outlays of time, money, and patience, before they obtain precisely what is wanted. If a few schoolhouses be built of the very first class, where high salaries will be paid, and they at once become prizes for enterprise and talent, numbers will forthwith engage in the preparation of themselves for the places, and among them all some will be found worthy.

On the subject of employing emulation, as a means of literary excellence, Mr. Mann entertains enlightened views, and speaks, though briefly, with much cogency. This view of the subject, namely, the inexpediency of employing emulation, may be set down as one of the just results of modern philosophical inquiry. It is applicable to practice and compassionate in its operation. Scarcely ten years ago to introduce it into colleges among students of comparatively mature years was deemed chimerical. An institution in Vermont had the temerity to adopt its forms of government repudiating this principle of action, and the eyes of the world have been attracted to it. About the same time a young man, a student at Cambridge, had the moral courage uniformly to decline the honor, to which his scholarship entitled him; and in a prize essay, which was unsuccessful, but which he subsequently published, defended himself with arguments between which, and those advanced by Mr. Mann against employing emulation, there is a striking coincidence.

These views are fast obtaining currency, and there is reason to believe, that a principle so opposed to the spirit of humanity, will not be brought to act with its unholy influence on young and susceptible hearts. "The Christian virtues," says the Re-



port, "are found to have an efficiency vastly superior as motives to exertion." It is to be regretted that Mr. Mann has not taken ground more decided on the subject of corporal punishment. He admits that "any person who, in establishing his authority, begins back where the brute begins, and where the savage begins, can have no approvable capacity for the government of a school;" and yet, by a sort of faltering equivocation, neutralizes the whole force of his statement in saying, "I would by no means be understood to express the opinion, that, *in the present state of society*, punishment, and even corporal punishment, can be dispensed with by all teachers in all schools, and with regard to all scholars." What would have been the force of Mr. Mann's argument in favor of a high degree of qualification for the arduous duty of teaching, if at the close of it he had said, that all the requisitions *in the present state of society* were not to be expected? Such facts and admissions people are sufficiently ready to take for granted. We hold that the community should resist, with indignation and retribution, every attempt of the teacher to establish his authority or enforce his rules by brute force. Confinement, suspension, and expulsion are the only justifiable penal measures which any teacher may adopt. To entrust them with any greater liberties with the person of the child is abhorrent to nature. The infliction on the child of every species of corporal punishment is a prerogative exclusively parental; as the infliction of a similar punishment on the adult belongs exclusively to civil authority. To delegate any power over the person to any one not influenced by the restraints, which nature in the provision of parental tenderness has instituted, is as unauthorized by the designs of Providence, as it is dangerous to humanity. To be efficacious, corporal punishment must be accompanied with love, — that love which in inflicting pain is first wounded at outraged virtue, and then agonized at suffering humanity. Corporal punishment otherwise administered may indeed temporarily check through fear, but instead of subduing the propensity to evil it excites indignation and revenge, which, though for the time suppressed, rankle in the bosom, and eventually break forth in lawless and fearful impetuosity.

But let the teacher adopt the expedients of expulsion and confinement, and he will find no ally so powerful. To exile a child from his fellows touches his pride and chastens his sympathies, and thus cultivates those affections which, in this case,

are absolutely essential to a symmetrical character, which are in greatest danger of being annihilated, and by which alone the idiosyncrasy can be made available. For the parent to surrender the right to corporal punishment to another is as disgraceful, as for the civil authorities to permit individuals in private brawls to settle their own differences. Between the parent and child an identity exists, which it is the duty of the parent to remember. An indignity inflicted on the child should be regarded by the parent as personal. The inviolability of the person cannot be too highly valued, since on it depends to an inestimable degree the intellectual and moral progress of the man. To it also he is indebted for the consideration and esteem of society and his fellows. Corporal punishment is the inviolable possession of parents and governments, nor can it be invaded with impunity.

Under the topic of *Inequality of the Means of Education*, we find that the average of money appropriated to each child in the State, between the ages of four and sixteen, has been  $2.7\frac{1}{100}$  dollars. Some towns compared with others have appropriated as seven to one. Five towns appropriated more than five dollars to each scholar, and eleven more than four dollars, while one hundred and thirty-nine towns appropriated but one dollar.

Coupled with the observations under this head we find the following remark.

“As a general fact, the great work of enlightening the intellect, and cultivating the manners and morals of the rising generation, is going forward most rapidly and successfully in those towns, whose appropriations are most generous; while, on the other hand, a non-compliance with the requisitions of the law in employing unapproved teachers, &c., have most commonly been found in those towns, whose appropriations look rather to the question, how little money will suffice to escape from penalty or forfeiture, than how much, through the alchemy of this institution, can be transmuted into knowledge and wisdom and virtue.”

The Report closes with an argument, showing the effect of education upon the *worldly fortunes* or *estates* of men. In the course of this argument testimony is brought from high authority in mercantile and manufacturing life, to prove that the more intelligent the laborer, the more certain are his means of procuring a comfortable support, and of rendering himself valued

and respected. In further prosecuting the subject the following valuable remarks occur.

"Now it is easy to show from reasoning, from history, and from experience, that an early awakening of the mind is the prerequisite to success in the useful arts. It must be an awakening not to feeling merely, but to thought. In the first place, a clearness of perception must be acquired, or the power of taking a correct mental transcript, copy, or image of whatever is seen. This, however, though indispensable, is by no means sufficient. It may answer for mere automatic movements, for the servile copying of the productions of others. . . . But the talent of improving upon the labors of others requires, not only the capability of receiving an exact mental copy, or imprint of all the objects of sense or reasoning, — it also requires the power of reviving, or reproducing at will, all the impressions or ideas before obtained, and also the power of changing their collocations, of re-arranging them into new forms, and of adding something to, or removing something from the original perceptions, in order to make a more perfect plan or model. . . . An awakened mind will see and seize the critical juncture; the perceptions of a sluggish one will come too late, if they come at all. A general culture of the faculties gives versatility of talent, so that if the customary business of the laborer is superseded by improvements, he can readily betake himself to another kind of employment; but an uncultivated mind is like an automaton, which can do only the one thing for which its wheels or springs were made."

In concluding our notice of this Report, we cannot refrain from reminding the friends of education, that however well this system now works, and however much of good it may promise, it is still incomplete as an educational system, so long as it remains theoretic. Education will never do its whole work for man, until it combines theory and practice. Literature, we have said, is but an aid in acquiring knowledge, as knowledge is but an aid in discovering truth. To render knowledge available in the discovery of truth, the exercise of the physical organs is no less essential than the culture of the mental faculties. To *this*, literature is auxiliary; to *that*, practice in the use of tools, and actual observation and discrimination in converting material substances into use, are auxiliaries. Knowledge nourishes the mind and prepares it for the discovery of truth; exercise invigorates the body, strengthens it for the



endurance of mental labor, and imprints more deeply on it sensible impressions. Truth, the vital principle of mind, is only to be obtained by the conjoined energy of mind and body. Whatever in practice or theory will unfold truth, or give action to the mind, is a part of education; and so far as literature is instrumental in this, it is valuable.

Indeed literature to a certain extent is indispensable. To acquire knowledge by whatever means,—and the more systematic the better,—is the business of the pupil; to discover truth, the business of the master. All educational systems, which do not tend, by the training of every faculty of mind and body at an early period of life, to make masters of men, not all of one description or occupation, but masters according to talent and capacity, are imperfect. The legitimate tendency of education is to bring men to a level, not to reduce to a low grade true worth, but by bringing out latent energy to elevate the low. The consequence of this will be to throw open, to the use of all, those secrets by which a few have arrived at distinction.

Hence the nobility of occupation will be more clearly perceptible, since in some of its forms all must resort to it for a livelihood, contentment, and happiness.

Hence too we perceive, that the present common-school system being as yet imperfect is transient, and must give place by modification or revolution to something more in conformity to the wants of man and society. Activity of mind is its most hopeful state, and the more rapid the changes, so that they be not feverish and fitful, the more certain are the indications of progress. Of revolution, with the present efficient officers of the Board, and the present vigilant Secretary, by whom, through its well disciplined district committees and teachers, as through a vital system, every pulsation throughout its entire corporeity is felt, noted, sympathetically heeded, and frankly laid before the public, there is no danger. That all salutary modification will be carefully engrafted upon the system, which will perfect its operation, may be confidently relied upon. The old is constantly giving place to the new or better, and ere long we shall see the work of education, by a due simultaneous cultivation of the physical and mental powers, by a copartnership of the schoolroom and the workshop, the laboratory, and the kitchen, performing for mankind its high and legitimate office.

The Board has upon it weighty responsibilities and arduous

labors, not the least of which are to be found in exciting the attention of parents generally in the public school, of enlightening their minds on the subject of education, so that they will neither shun book-knowledge, lest it should unfit the child for ordinary occupations, nor estimate it by a standard, which will make it the all-engrossing good, to the exclusion of all practical experience; and in imposing such duties upon the Town committees, as will secure districts from the evils of incompetent, indolent, or self-interested Prudential committee men.

Hitherto the branch of the labors of the Board, connected with the Normal Schools, has been least of all satisfactory.

The public will expect from the Board an impartial opinion of the operation of the Normal School system in their next annual Report. The system has now been a sufficiently long time at work, to give proof of its energy and vitality. The State has been liberal in its grants of money, and patient in its attendance on the experiment. If it appears to the Board, that schools are now supplied with better teachers, that the standard of qualification is more elevated, and that the teachers coming from these institutions meet with greater success, — a success creating for them a constant and an exhausting demand, it will be expected of them that they lay the facts before the public. If, on the contrary, it appears that the institutions, instead of supporting themselves, require an annual grant to bolster their languishing and feeble existence; if it appears that many of those, who flock there with the professed desire to become teachers, do so under the blind impulse of a popular enthusiasm, or with the hope of thus escaping the severer requisitions of a more laborious calling, and gifted with little of ability and less of stability, at the close of the course relinquish their original design; if it appears by the unerring test of utility, self-support, that the system will require ample endowments at regular intervals, in order to its continuance; then it will be fatally hazardous to the Board and its high aims, not to speak out frankly, and condemn with undisguised impartiality. Can there not be issued a diploma, which shall be awarded to such as, having been thoroughly tried under a rigid system of practice, are found to be well qualified, and which shall be withheld from all others? To this there may be some objections; but in any event the sole alternative to the stigma of empiricism, and the fate of the impostor, is to be found in adopting some measures, by which the public can confidently

depend on obtaining what is wanted, and what is recommended, when an application is made to the Normal Schools for a good teacher. It is thus only that the schools can acquire such a character, as shall render their continuance desirable.

E. P. H.

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WRITINGS OF REV. WILLIAM BRADFORD HOMER, WITH  
A MEMOIR BY PROFESSOR PARK.

A VOLUME has lately been published, containing Literary Addresses, and fourteen Pulpit Discourses, besides Abstracts and Notes on the classics, the work of quite a remarkable young clergyman, whose great promise was suddenly blighted by an early death. The Memoir prefixed to the volume by Professor Park presents a very full and interesting account of Mr. Homer's brief course. It is written in a good style, in the warm tone of affectionate friendship, and yet free from all extravagant and indiscriminate eulogy. We like particularly the absence from it, as well as from the writings of the subject of the Memoir, of all cant. It is serious, and at the same time lively. It is full of religion, and yet avoids the set phrases in which it has been usual to talk and write about religion. It gives a very engaging picture of a young man of no ordinary powers of mind, who had made very considerable attainments in literature, who inspired an unusual degree of enthusiasm during his brief ministry, and who died amidst the regrets of numerous warm friends. The volume is an offering laid upon his tomb, and is a memorial of his genius, refinement, purity, devotedness, sanctity. It adds another to the many affecting instances, which the world has had, of *genius* consuming itself in the blaze of its own intense flame; of a mind too fervid and too active for the body, within which it burns and struggles.

"Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise  
(That last infirmity of noble mind)  
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;  
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,



And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,  
And slits the thin-spun life."

William Bradford Homer was born in Boston, January 31, 1817. "In his eleventh year he was sent to Amherst, Mass., where he spent three years as a member of Mt. Pleasant Classical Institution," and where he recommended himself to his instructors by his amiable manners and studious habits. After a year spent in Boston and another at Andover in Phillips Academy, he entered Amherst College in September, 1832. Here "he soon took the first rank in his class, which he held to the end of his collegiate course." "In the forms and syntax of Latin and Greek," says Professor Fiske, "he was more thorough than is common, even among those generally accounted good scholars. — If I sometimes helped him in breaking the shell, he always seemed to find a sweeter meat than I had tasted. While he had a strong relish for poetic beauty, and possessed an imagination highly active, and truly rich in ideal pictures, he had also a striking fondness for exact thought, and for lucid order and symmetry in arrangement, and neatness and accuracy in style and performance." After graduating at Amherst, in 1836, Mr. Homer immediately entered the Theological Seminary at Andover, in order to qualify himself for the profession to which he had already dedicated his life. His biographer gives us extracts from his letters during his college life, and his residence at Andover, which are interesting, as showing the workings of a pure ambition, a generous love of excellence, and also somewhat of the morbid action that so often accompanies sensitive and gifted natures.

"Feb. 18, 1837. (Junior year at Andover.) — Last Tuesday was the most miserable day I ever experienced. I arose in the morning jaded and depressed. It was the turn of the eighty-eighth Psalm to present itself to my devotional meditations, and it seemed a remarkable providence, as a more precise and accurate mirror of my own feelings could nowhere have been selected. It was no religious exercise, I frankly own; but in the solitude of my gloom, I am almost ashamed to confess it, I did pour out my soul like water over that Psalm. Such prospects of discouragement as pressed themselves upon me, I pray to be relieved from henceforth and forever. There is one dreadful thought, that at such moments comes upon my

mind. I would whisper it in your ear. It is that my mind has already reached its maturity, that I shall never grow to a larger than my present intellectual stature. My developments were early, perhaps too early. I have always been beyond my years. And you know that it is no unusual phenomenon that minds too soon matured are of a stunted growth, and those who were men in boyhood become boys in manhood. I know that this is a wicked thought. It may be the conception of a diseased imagination. It undoubtedly is the offspring of a pride of intellect, rather than of that humble and submissive spirit which bows in meek resignation to the will of God. But it is a dreadful thought in itself, and in its accompaniments, when I think of the disappointment of the affectionate hopes that have been centred in me. God forgive me, if I ever think of honoring the earthly objects of my love more than the heavenly.' — p. 38.

We are glad to find that the biographer did not suppress these secret confessions, through any false idea that they might injure the reputation of his young friend with the ultra good. We have proof in the following remarks by Professor Park, that he did not prune off here and there every natural growth of Mr. Homer's character, in order to adapt it to the standard of any particular circle or sect.

"It may be objected, that the secret confessions of fault which the preceding letters contain should not be exposed to the world. They would not be, if the present memoir were designed for a eulogy. They would not be, if the character of its subject needed to be glossed over and his foibles artfully concealed. But of what advantage is a biography above a fictitious tale, when but half the truth is told, and the character of a man is painted as that of an angel? The Christian philosopher objects to novels because they give false views of life, and benumb our sympathies with man as he is actually found. And what are too many of our biographies but likenesses of nothing which is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth? The true idea of a memoir is, that it shall impart the general and combined impression of its subject, that it shall give no undue prominence to his foibles, nor make a needless exposure of his uncovered sins, and shall by no means imply that a man may live selfishly among us, and be canonized when he has gone from us; that he may sin cunningly here, and only his virtues shall be rehearsed hereafter. As the love of posthumous favor is one incentive to virtue, so the fear of censure from our survivors is a dissuasive from vice." — pp. 40, 41.

During his residence at Andover, Mr. Homer did not confine his attention to theological studies, but entered upon a wide and liberal range of literary investigation. He examined carefully the German theory of Homer, interested himself in an edition of Macaulay's *Miscellaneous Writings*, and delivered before different clubs lectures on Jeremy Taylor, and critiques upon the characters of Shakspeare. By this kind of discipline he cultivated a delicate taste, which is conspicuous in all the productions of his pen, and while by these various studies he did not injure the seriousness of his mind, or lower his high spiritual standard, he yet counteracted the injurious effects, too apt to be exerted upon the character by an exclusive attention to the dogmas of a hard and stiff theology. His biographer says of him, that "he had that candor of mind which comes of an enlarged scholarship. He could never have been a partisan in theology, as a young man often loves to be, and he would probably have done much good by his freedom from that narrow spirit which will cling to a sect or school, be it new or old."

"Before he had closed his twenty-second year, he had accumulated much that would have quickened his mental growth for a long time to come. He had written numerous essays and orations, four quarto volumes of notes on his collegiate studies, eight volumes of abstracts and theses upon the topics of his Seminary course, had acquired six foreign languages, some of which he had mastered, had studied with philosophical acumen the writings of Hesiod, Herodotus, Longinus, Dionysius Halicarnassus, Æschylus and Euripides, and many of the old English prose authors; had written an analysis of each book in the *Iliad* and of the *Odyssey*, with copious annotations upon them, a critical disquisition also upon each of the minor poems and fragments ascribed to the father of poetry, an analysis of the orations of Demosthenes and Æschines, with extensive criticisms upon each, and various translations from Latin and German commentators upon the sacred and classical writings. He had also collected materials for at least three courses of lectures upon Homer and Demosthenes, and thought himself prepared to finish these courses with but little additional study, and within a short time. A synopsis of these lectures, with a catalogue of the authorities which he considered most important for reference, is published at the close of the present volume." — pp. 55, 56.

But Mr. Homer was not a mere scholar. He was a man



of warm affections, as well as of acute and polished intellect, as his biographer happily expresses it, he "was a true and hearty friend, and all his scholarship never left him a dried up specimen of humanity." This friendship was severely wounded in the loss of Mr. James G. Brown, who perished in the ill-fated Lexington. In a letter dated Feb. 8, 1840, alluding to the melancholy event just mentioned, his remarks seem to us to possess a great deal of beauty and truth.

" 'You seem to me to dwell too much upon the aggravating circumstances of our late affliction. This is natural, but unnecessary, and probably incorrect. At first, my own soul was haunted by the terrors of that fearful night, and much of the miserable rhetoric that has appeared in public print upon the subject, has been fitted only to inflame the imagination, and in all probability to carry it beyond the reality. After a cooler examination, I have concluded that the physical suffering of the occasion was probably far less than is generally supposed. The intense and thrilling excitement of the scene to many minds would furnish occupation, without giving them an opportunity to brood over their own personal distresses. The human soul is furnished by its Creator with powers of self-support, to be developed in great exigencies, which are almost miraculous. Where was there an exigency so great as that, and where was the character containing in itself more sources of relief and even happiness, than that of our friend who is gone? I think it not impossible that his constitutional ardor may have made him one of the first who perished. If so, his struggles in the benumbing waters could have been but momentary, and his death may have been as serene as it was quick. We should have perhaps preferred to stand by his bedside and watch his lingering agonies; but for him, it was no doubt physically pleasanter to sink down exhausted and senseless into his ocean-bed. It was more like a quiet slumber than we are apt to imagine. There is another thought which has given me great consolation, even in the more fearful alternative that he may have continued among the last. Our dear friend was prepared to die; probably better prepared than many of us who survive. I think of him in that sweet security, which the presence of Jesus can impart, resigning himself to his fate peacefully and calmly. There is a deep meaning in those passages of Scripture, which were the theme of his last perusal and meditation. There is prophetic beauty in the last words which we heard from him. And now, they are as a voice from heaven assuring us that no outward terrors can disturb the serenity of God's

chosen. I think of him as cheering the comfortless in their gloom. With what ardor may not his zeal have been animated. With what efficiency and success may he not have prosecuted, on the burning deck, the mission he was not faithless to in the common walks of life. And perhaps, many poor trembling spirits may have been guided by his example and direction to the fold of his Shepherd in heaven." — pp. 65, 66.

Mr. Homer, as his biographer informs us, sometimes "gave expression to his feelings in verse." We quote the only metrical composition in the volume before us, and the delicacy and sweetness of this piece make us regret that no more specimens of his poetical talent are furnished.

"I hear thy voice, fond sleeper, now,  
Not as it rose in gladsome hour,  
When joy illumed thy radiant brow,  
And life bloomed fair with many a flower,  
But now with solemn tones and still  
That wake each chord with finer thr'll.

I hear thy voice in many a scene  
Where thou in buoyant hope didst roam,  
Not such as when thyself hast been  
The cherished idol of thy home:  
But now in accents richly deep  
From the low grave where thou dost sleep.

I hear thy voice in melting song,  
Not as its cadence charmed the ear  
Amid the gay and happy throng  
Who gathered round thy beauty here.  
A spirit's joy, a spirit's lyre  
Thy strains of melody inspire.

I hear thy voice in fondness call,  
Not as it gave its witching tone  
To sway with soft and gentle thrall,  
And soothe the sorrows of thine own.  
But quivering now with purer love  
For us below, for those above.

I hear thy voice! It cometh oft  
In sorrow's gush and memory's swell,  
When sigh we for its welcome soft  
Or whisper of its sad farewell.  
It comes with happy tone and blest  
And bids us to thine own sweet rest." — p. 69 70.

The paragraph in the Memoir, which relates to Mr. Homer's

religious character, strikes us as very interesting, and is full of just and liberal remarks. Mr. Homer, we are informed, "kept no daily record of his emotions." The particular objection which he felt to *Diaries* may be perceived by the following remark. "Last week I derived great pleasure from reading the religious diary of —, it is rich, *rich*, in religious experience. He seems to have elaborated his love to Christ until it appears to be almost seraphic. But alas! I shall never read that diary again, for I perceive that a year or two before his death he re-wrote it. What must a man's expectation be, in penning his religious journal the second time?" The piety of Mr. Homer is represented in the *Memoir* as retiring, modest, unostentatious, natural. To us the phrase "naturalness of piety," is not "an ambiguous one;" it expresses clearly and distinctly to our mind a most important feature in the true religious character. And we rejoice to meet with such sentiments, as are expressed in the following sentences, which we quote gladly from the *Memoir*. Coming from the quarter from which they proceed, they must exert a good influence in the religious community. "The perfection of goodness is to make a right use of the nature which God has given us." "To shun artificial developments, and mere conventional forms, and to let one's free and full heart flow out in the channel of true benevolence is a great thing; far greater than to catch a certain good tone, and to be familiar with a round of phrases, that may happen to form the Shibboleth of a community." "Like himself too, his (Mr. Homer's) piety was kind, condescending, and considerate. He was not a noisy member of a Peace Society, nor clamorous for Moral Reform, but he cultivated the amiable instincts of his nature, and delighted in diffusing happiness among those around him." "An error of many Christians is, that they attach an authority to the example of some imperfect man, and debar from their fellowship all who do not follow that example. One class of religious developments they commend too exclusively, and are intolerant of another class which are useful in their own sphere, but are not in sympathy with the provincial taste. Our duty is to reverence the graces of the Spirit whatsoever they be, and to aim after that union of all the virtues which we discover in our great Exemplar."

In November, 1840, Mr. Homer was ordained as Pastor of the Congregational Church and Society in South Berwick, Maine, where he had preached most acceptably six months be-



fore. Here he exercised his ministry, and we are informed that his influence was perceptibly growing until he was removed from life. There is to us a delightful simplicity and artlessness in some of the specimens which are given of his discourses. He "was not ashamed to confess that on *his own* account, as well as for *their* good, he desired the regular attendance of his people at church." In a discourse delivered soon after his settlement, he says,

" ' You should listen to the preaching of the gospel with a careful regard to the feelings of your minister. Remember that he is a man ; by education, by profession, it may be by temperament a *sensitive* man. He has eyes that can see. He has ears that can hear. He has a heart that can feel. Let the delicate and honorable deference with which you meet him in the street, or welcome him to your dwellings, not be entirely laid aside, when he stands before you as the messenger of God. There are many persons who act as if they supposed that the eminence of the pulpit raised their minister above the level of human feelings, that it was round about him like an impregnable fortress, and every mark of contempt or disrespect or inattention from the audience falls as powerless as if he were a senseless machine. If he visit them at their homes, they would be ashamed to treat him with such coldness and scorn, and it would be deemed the lowest indecency to look out of the window, or to read a newspaper, or to drop asleep in the chair while he was talking with them ; but when he stands before them in the pulpit, they borrow a license from his remoteness and his elevation, as well as from the multitude who share the responsibility of their politeness, and they never dream that it is rude and ungentlemanly to be gazing around the house, or turning over a hymn-book, or whispering some pleasantry to a neighbor, or fixing themselves in a good position for sleep. The truth is, my friends, the minister is and ought to be more keenly sensitive to these marks of public disrespect, than he would be to private and personal contempt. An insult is offered to the fruits of his own mental toil. A contempt is thrown upon his high office as a preacher. The solemnly dedicated house of worship seems, in their view, to have a claim for decorum inferior to the highway or the parlor. More than all, that august Being in whose name he speaks, before whom angels cast their crowns in ceaseless adoration, Jehovah himself is repulsed by the coldness and stupidity of earthly worshippers. And I wonder how a man can preach, when such reflections are pressed upon him with overwhelming power from a careless or trifling or sleeping audience.' "

“There is one other thought connected with this subject, to which you will pardon me for alluding. You are aware that there is now extensively prevalent among ministers of the gospel a singular paralysis of the vocal organs, which has driven many from their pulpits and their flocks. The disease is one which has eluded the researches of medical science, as it has baffled the reach of medical skill. But among the many theories to account for its origin, I have found none more philosophical or more consonant with my own experience, than that which attributes it to the stupidity and inattention of an audience. It is well known that there is an active sympathy between the mind and the body, and what more natural than that a depressed and embarrassed spirit should derange an organ so delicate and sensitive as the human voice. Those of you who are at all accustomed to public speaking can testify how much the ease of your utterance depends upon the interest of your audience. If you find it hard to make yourself understood, or the force of your argument falls powerless upon stupid hearers, the utterance at once becomes difficult, the mouth is quickly parched and dry, there is a choking sensation about the throat, a thousand impediments seem to check the flow of language, the speaking is all up-hill work, and you sit down with the vocal organs irritated and inflamed, and an exhaustion of your whole system tenfold greater, than if you spoke to an audience so full of sympathy and interest and excitement, that the flow was easy from your heart to theirs. For myself, I confess, so great has sometimes been the physical difficulty with which I have preached to a trifling or listless congregation, that I have been ready to wish that in the pulpit I could be stripped of every sense and every faculty, but that of speech, so that there might not come in through my eyes and my ears and my wounded sensibilities, so many impediments to the easy current of my language.” — pp. 106, 107, 109, 110.

Among the sermons given in the volume before us is a Thanksgiving Discourse on “the Connexion between Christianity and the Social Affections,” from which we make the following extracts.

“It is said, that the celebrated Dr. Johnson once read a manuscript copy of the book of Ruth to a fashionable circle in London. The universal exclamation of the company was, ‘where did you get that exquisite pastoral,’ and the thoughtless were directed to the book, which to them had been associated only with gloom and dulness. It is in truth remarkable, that among a people whose domestic institutions and exclusive

habits seemed so unfavorable to social refinement, the Old Testament history should abound in such delicate narratives of the affections. The ancient classics are notoriously deficient in the sentiments of the fireside, but the more ancient literature of the bible, even in the primitive traditions of patriarchal life, seems to have held the family relation among its choicest subjects. In the whole range of eastern story, I know of nothing more rich than the account of Isaac's courtship. The witching pages of fiction have never yet surpassed the true narrative of Joseph and his brethren. And the sweetest refinement which modern taste has thrown around the grave is unequal to the simple pathos of old Jacob, in his dying request: 'Bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in the field of Ephron the Hittite: There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife; There they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife; and there I buried Leah.'"

"Go back to the remote ages of antiquity, before the light of our religion had dawned upon the world. Many a bright spot shall you find in the moral waste. Many a city where art has lavished her most gorgeous treasures, and learning has reared her proudest seats. You shall find there the taste of the architect, in marble columns, gracefully carved cornices, and majestic temples that rear themselves towering and queenlike. You shall find there the skill of the sculptor, in the accurately chiseled proportions of that chief earthly beauty, the human form. You shall enter suburban groves, and listen to philosophy in her most inspired lessons, and poetry in her most winning strains. You shall be surrounded by everything outward that speaks of elevation and refinement. But when you penetrate the secrets of domestic life, when you look for the happiness of a pure and holy fireside, the light that is in them has become darkness—and 'how great is that darkness!' You recur to those whited sepulchres, which are beautiful without, but within are full of loathsomeness and corruption. And while you glory in the achievements of human taste and genius, you weep that they can attain so little, when unaided by the gospel of Christ.

"Follow the influence of Christianity during the ages since its origin, and you will find the nature of the case materially changed, yet leading to the same result. *Now* religion and refinement seem to go hand in hand. All that is splendid in art becomes consecrated to, or is consecrated by the spirit of the gospel. Painting and sculpture expend their choicest workmanship on the subjects of the bible, and the mosaic pavement, and the arched galleries, and the frescoed ceiling become vocal



with the praises of God. And it seems as if the social refinement of Christianity attracted to its own service the genius and taste of man, as eminently harmonious with its spirit. Wherever it pressed its way, though among the hordes of barbarism, it invariably carried with it more or less of the blessings of cultivated life. And wherever tribes and nations, that for a time have lived under its power, were left to relapse into their old heathenism, or gave way to the forced establishment of a hostile faith, it has been generally noticed, that barbarism and social debasement have come in, and stalked over the ruins of Christianity with the breath of a moral pestilence." — pp. 302, 303, 305, 306, 307.

At the age of twenty-four years and less than two months, and after a ministry of but four months, the subject of the memoir before us was called out of the world. But short as his ministry and life were, they were long enough for the exhibition of rare qualities of mind and heart, of which the volume before us is a beautiful and permanent monument.

W. P. L.

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#### NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*Hints on the Interpretation of Prophecy.* By MOSES STUART, Professor in Andover Theological Seminary. Andover, 1842.

WE shall begin to like Professor Stuart, if he gives us such volumes as this. We consider it by far the best book he has ever published. We do not mean to assert that his views, particularly those relating to the principles of interpretation, the theory of double senses, and the import of the phrases, "then was it fulfilled," and the like, which occur in the New Testament, contain in them anything new. They are views, which we have all along held, and which are familiar to all well informed theologians of the class of Christians to which we belong; but it is exceedingly gratifying to meet with them, coming from the quarter from which they emanate in the present volume.

The position which the Professor takes, and which he well defines, is, that the Bible is to be interpreted in the same manner as any other book. Its poetry "is poetry with all its characteristics; its prose is prose;" its history is history, and

nothing more ; " the psalms are songs of praise ; the proverbs are maxims or apothegms." Its meaning " is simply what the writer had in his own mind and intended to express." — " So far as our circumstances and relations are like those of the persons to whom the Scriptures were originally addressed, so far what was said to them is binding on us ; but no further."

The Professor discards double senses altogether. The terms " fulfilment," " fulfilled," &c., used by the Evangelists and Apostles in connexion with certain quotations from the Old Testament, which have given no little trouble to commentators, he considers as implying nothing more, than that the language quoted was in some sort applicable to the Saviour, or that between particular events which took place under the Old and the New Dispensations, there was some resemblance, parallelism, or analogy, so that similar language might be used of both. " Out of Egypt have I called my Son" (Matt. ii. 15) is one of these passages, and he specifies several others familiar to those who have given any attention to the subject.

The Professor strenuously combats the proposition, that " prophecy is unintelligible until it is fulfilled."

In the latter half of the volume he treats, at considerable length, of the " designations of time" used in the Prophecies, particularly in Daniel and the Revelation. He attempts, and we think with entire success, to show that these " designations of time" are used there as elsewhere, that is, a day means a day, and a year a year, unless the writer expressly tells us that they are used in some unusual, or symbolical sense. This principle cuts deep, and at once annihilates the many fanciful hypotheses, which have been erected on a misinterpretation of the above-mentioned books. In this part of the volume is introduced a good deal of incidental matter, relating to the meaning of parts of the Apocalypse, which will be read with interest by those who have a taste for discussions of this kind. The Professor is of opinion that the Book of Revelation, with the exception of the twentieth and twenty-first chapters, has reference to events which took place soon after the time when it was written, and not to a distant future.

There are several passages in the book we should be glad to transfer to our pages, did the limits of this notice admit. At the close of the volume, we have some very just and striking observations relating to the various confident predictions uttered, at different times, by the "*Romancers* in prophecy," on the subject of the supposed approaching end of the world. The following remarks have reference to the *character* of the period of " the latter day glory" of the church, so often alluded to in Christian writings.

"One thing more I feel constrained to say, before I quit this theme of *the latter day glory*. Whether we have respect to the Millennium, usually so named, or to a more prosperous period still, near the close of time, the extravagant apprehensions, so often entertained and avowed respecting this season of prosperity, seem quite unworthy of credit. The prophets have indeed employed most glowing language, in describing the future season of prosperity; and all they have said will doubtless prove to be true in the sense which they meant to convey. But let him who interprets these passages remember well that they are *poetry*, and are replete in an unusual degree with figurative language and poetic imagery. Let him call to mind, moreover, that the language employed in the last twenty-seven chapters of Isaiah, in order to describe the return from the Babylonish captivity, and the prosperity which would ensue, is scarcely, if at all, less glowing than that which has respect to the future prosperity of the Messiah's Kingdom. . . . . The visionary schemes, then, which represent the Millennium as the return of the primitive paradisaical state, are not for a moment to be listened to by a sober and discreet man. The state of Adam's race is fixed and certain. A world of sin and suffering is as sure to be their probationary habitation, as that the decree of God will stand." — pp. 140 – 143.

From some of the views contained in the volume we dissent. We cannot, however, forbear, in conclusion, expressing our most sincere thanks to the Professor for a publication, the effect of which must be, we think, to correct some of the many crude notions which still prevail in regard to the language of the Bible. Such a publication, coming from such a quarter, cannot fail to do good. We know not how it may be received by the denomination of Christians to which the author belongs, but for ourselves, we most heartily commend it to the attention of the religious public.

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*A Critical and Historical Interpretation of the Prophecies of Daniel.* By NATHANIEL S. FOLSOM. Boston. 1842. 12mo.

THIS is not a book for critics and theologians, and the author does not claim, we believe, to have made any discoveries in the difficult art of interpreting Prophecy. He was induced to undertake the work of exposition, it would seem, in consequence of the new interest awakened on the subject of Scripture prediction, in a portion of the community, by the foolish fancies recently broached, and which, strange to say, find advocates, about the approaching end of the world, and personal advent of Christ, to take place in 1843. The common reader, who sits down to study the Book of Daniel, we think, will find the volume a help, and we commend it especially to the attention of such as allow themselves to be perplexed by those who are



crying, lo here, or, lo there, and who confidently predict that the world is speedily to end.

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*Oration delivered at the request of the City Authorities of Salem, July 4, 1842. By CHARLES W. UPHAM. 8vo. pp. 56.*

THE recurrence of our fourth of July celebrations can be considered in no other light than as an advantage to the country, notwithstanding some attendant evils, if the people are to be gathered together to listen to discourses such as this of Mr. Upham. It is a political sermon full of wise instruction, a beautiful and profitable chapter of American history. Taking for his subject "the origin and progress of American Independence and liberty," he illustrates it, first by giving a rapid sketch of the early tendencies toward freedom in Europe in the seventeenth century, issuing, in one direction, in the emigration to America, and the founding of the Colonies. He then dwells more at length, and with a genuine enthusiasm, on the early charter history of Massachusetts; and, finally, glancing at the revolutionary period, contrasts, by way of improvement of his subject, the conduct of the spurious brood of patriots in modern times, in a sister State, with those of the revolution, and protests with manly indignation against any parallel being run between them, as a gross and wicked misrepresentation of the revolution, and of the great men who acted in it. We have been more particularly struck with the high and wholesome tone of moral and political feeling pervading the whole oration, especially the closing pages, and with the striking sketch, brief though it be, of the "days of the first charter" in Massachusetts, — days which left their deep and ever-during impress upon the character of the people. If there is such a book as an American Reader for the use of schools, it could hardly receive a better addition than the pages of Mr. Upham, where he treats of the first charter and its fruits. We offer a single extract.

"In the mean time circumstances in England were rendering the situation of nonconformists more and more uncomfortable, and the hearts of many of them were turned towards the remote American wilderness for shelter from the gathering storm. The only insurmountable obstacle in the way of emigration was an unwillingness, on the part of men of influence and substance, to subject themselves, when removed across the Atlantic, to the inconveniences and wrongs to which they would, in all probability, be exposed from a government conducted by irresponsible persons remaining in England, and necessarily, therefore, destitute of all personal experience in the affairs, or personal knowledge of the circumstances of so remote a plantation. This difficulty was vital, and if not removed, would have been fatal.

There was one remedy, and only one, and that fortunately for the world was discovered and applied.

"John Winthrop, with Sir Richard Saltonstall, and others, made known to the Court of Proprietors, that they would remove with their families to New England, as permanent settlers, provided that the charter itself, and the government under it, were removed with them. Let it be borne in mind that the incorporated company, to whom the territory had been granted by the crown, were invested by their patent and charter with all the powers of government over it. The question was, whether the colony in America should continue to be dependent upon the Court of Proprietors, assembled in London — in which event neither Winthrop nor any of his distinguished associates would consent to emigrate — or whether the government of the colony should thenceforward be relinquished and committed to those members of the company who should reside in America — in which event they were ready forthwith to embark. The question was, whether British colonists in America should govern themselves, or be governed by a power remaining in England. The language of Winthrop and his associates was this — 'rather than live in America, subject to a power in England, we prefer to endure persecution at home — but let us carry our charter with us, let us govern ourselves there, let us enjoy independence, and we will cheerfully abandon our fertile fields, and costly houses, and pleasant homes, and brave the dangers of the sea and the privations of the wilderness.' The proposal was a startling one to those proprietors who had no intention to emigrate, but it was concluded that the prosperity of the colony would be so much promoted by being under a government, acquainted, from personal observation and experience, with its circumstances, as to render its acceptance expedient, and it was voted that the charter should be transferred to America, and all its powers and functions be exercised and enjoyed there.

"Upon the decision of this question, in a body of merchants and private gentlemen, sitting in London, hung interests and results, as great and momentous, as were ever determined by Congresses, or Cabinets, or Councils of State. Had the proposal of Winthrop been declined, the primeval wilderness might have continued to this day to have brooded over the surface of the American continent — a few feeble colonies might have lingered through a languishing existence, terminating in an Indian massacre, or in pestilence and famine — a few commercial factories might have been scattered along the shores, and a few fishermen and hunters might have frequented the coasts, or penetrated into the interior, but a nation of freemen never could have come into being. The transference of that charter imparted to America the principle of life, breathed over its fields and forests the spirit of independence, and made liberty everywhere a native of its hills and vallies. When Winthrop and his associates embarked with their charter for Massachusetts Bay, the auspicious destinies of this continent were unalterably fixed, the progress of humanity secured, and its prospects brightened to the end of time; and when, on the 12th of June, 1630, the ship *Arabella*, in which the precious freight was borne, came to anchor in the harbor of Salem, the first age of American Independence began." — pp. 11 – 13.

*ΓΕΝΝΗΜΑ ΤΗΣ ΑΜΗΕΑΟΥ.*—*Review of a Sermon on the "Danger of being Overwise."* Preached June 7th, 1835. By W. B. SPRAGUE, D. D. Boston: W. S. Damrell. 1842.

A LONG pamphlet upon a perfectly unprofitable subject, namely, the use of wine at the communion, and the kind of wine. We regret that a gentleman, who can write such useful fiction, should spend his time and strength in writing such useless truth—admitting, which we are by no means disposed to do, that the truth is on his side. We know no more remarkable example in modern times of "straining at a gnat," than this fierce and ludicrous quixotism in the matter of the sacramental wine.

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*Observations on the Bible for the Use of Young Persons.* Boston: John R. Eastman. 1842. 12mo. pp. 282.

THE author of this work informs us that his "experience has been altogether in the active business of life." But, though he does "not belong to the clerical profession," it is manifest that he has been a diligent reader of the Scriptures, and is intimately versed in sacred criticism. This appears not in minute details, but in practical results founded in accurate learning. The use he has made of his biblical learning, in his "Observations," is the more valuable, as indicating the strong hold which the sacred records have maintained upon his affections amidst secular cares and pursuits. His reverence for them is not such, as to make him shrink from an encounter with the difficulties by which skeptics have attempted to shake the faith of believers. The real difficulties are acknowledged or accounted for; the factitious ones are stripped of their disguises, and the fallacies with which they are invested plainly exposed.

The author's observations on the books both of the Old Testament and of the New Testament are preceded by preliminary remarks, which cannot fail to win his readers

"to receive  
With joy the tidings brought from heaven."

Without taxing their credulity to excess by superstitious adherence to the letter, he gives demonstrative reasons for believing the miraculous origin and character both of the old dispensation and the new. "It may be regarded," he says, "as an unfortunate circumstance that the language of Scripture [of the Old Testament] should appear equivocal, and represent what, in many cases, are natural circumstances, as the act of



God. But I consider the language of the Bible as decidedly the most just and philosophical. Natural events, as they are called, are no less God's doing than supernatural ones. They are only less striking, less powerful in their effect upon our imaginations. But when they are of a striking and peculiar character, what impropriety is there in speaking of them as God's acts? If the east wind did cause the waters of the Red Sea to subside, so that the Israelites passed over the head of that deep bay without being incommoded, who made it to blow? And who, by changing the direction of the wind, brought back the waters, and overwhelmed the Egyptians? Was this preservation of one party and destruction of the other any less the act of God, because he used the instrumentality of a natural cause, the wind, to effect it? Surely not. And so of all other interpositions of Providence recorded in the Bible. Some of them may have been produced through the agency of nature, as it is called, but there are others which are unequivocally miraculous; and it is no less natural than it is proper, to speak of all the acts of God, and to acknowledge his power, as the *disposer of events*, in all that happens in the world." — pp. 49, 50.

This is an important view of divine agency, including all that can be known concerning it; removing any seeming imputations derogatory to God's perfect attributes, without lessening our faith in his almighty power, or our reverence for its beneficent exercise.

The author's remarks on the writings of Moses and on the historical, prophetic, and poetical books of the Old Testament, are, in our opinion, remarkably well suited to his purpose, to the preparation of the youthful mind and heart for an intelligent perusal of the Hebrew Scriptures, and a tender interest in their contents.

Not less discriminating are the author's remarks on the writings of the New Testament. But we have not left ourselves space enough to exemplify this by extracts from the volume. The following explanation of Christ's rejection by the Jews, his own countrymen, to whom his ministry was devoted, is marked by the clearness of thought and simplicity of style, which pervade the whole book.

"There are many passages in the prophets which were supposed by the Jews to describe the glory of the Messiah's kingdom in such terms, as if taken by themselves might, without violence, be understood to refer to temporal splendor. Annoyed and oppressed as they had been for many ages, it is not surprising that they should have so interpreted such passages; nor that, as generation after generation passed away,

their expectation and hope of such a political saviour should have become more and more ardent, till they reached an intensity of fervor. It would be considered at once a political and a religious duty to believe in the coming of one, who was to relieve them from all their distresses, and guide them to a condition the very reverse of that which they actually occupied. How was the Messiah to resemble Moses, if he did not liberate them from bondage, if he did not establish them in independence, and make other nations serve them?

"This must be fully understood and appreciated, in order that we may at all comprehend the extraordinary fury exhibited by the Jews against Jesus Christ. What was there in his character, or conduct, to excite such deadly hatred? How could any body so persecute the mildest, kindest, and purest being ever seen on earth, one who went about doing good, injuring none — even of those who would have stoned him, and who did, at last, kill him with torture and ignominy, — who spake as never man spake, and whose miracles were uniformly for the most beneficent purposes?

"Such a feeling is not only shocking, but it is out of nature; it is not to be accounted for on any other principle, than that it was the outbreak of their sudden and terrible disappointment. Here was a man whom many began to think must be the Messiah, from the miracles they saw him perform; and what does he do? Instead of raising his standard and beginning a rebellion, or, like Moses, performing miracles for the liberation of his countrymen, he goes about preaching peace, humility, and forgiveness of injuries, the very reverse of the proud and military spirit, which they had secretly nourished in the midst of all their humiliation and subjection. The miracles he performed, if they did not convince them that he was the Messiah, as was sometimes the case, only provoked them to anger and violence. They were either ready to seize him by force, and compel him to act as they supposed the Messiah ought to act, or else they would beseech him to depart out of their coasts, and relieve them from all controversy about claims they would not admit, and could not deny." — pp. 189 – 191.

Though "this little tract," as the author tells us, was written for his children, and is published for the use of young persons, all who revere the Bible, as containing the records of divine truth, will find much in it to guide their thoughts and warm their religious affections. To young persons, especially, would we commend it as a gift from a father to his children, pertaining to truths which, of all things, it becomes them most to learn and reverence. Teachers of Sunday Schools, and their pupils, will find it a valuable accession to their libraries and class books; and, as the author has inscribed it to his own children, we, by such authority as may be conceded to us, would dedicate it to the higher classes of youth who assemble on the Lord's day, for special instruction in sacred truth and religious duty.

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#### ERRATA.

In the last number, p. 320, for *Genoa* read *Geneva*; and for *naturalism* read *materialism*.